MONSIEUR

The magazine for the man of the world

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The low-down on women around the world—

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Articles,
Fiction

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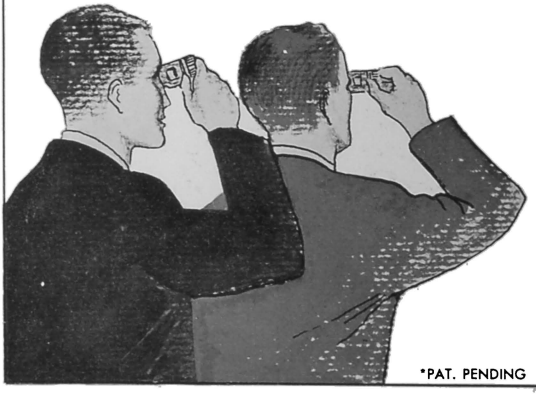

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MONSIEUR

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"Now that there's a Ban the Bomb Treaty, Mr. Frobish, what possible use could you have for this air raid shelter?"

MONSIEUR ON THE BOULEVARD

CHANGE OF SIGNALS . . .

The wife of Charlie Conerly, the ex-Giant star quarterback, has written a book about her experiences as a football wife. The book is to be called, *Back Seat Quarterback*, but she says that if it doesn't sell well, she'll change the name when they bring it out in the paperback edition to *My 13 Years As a Pro*.

WHY, THE SON OF A GUN . . .

The latest gag concerning the movie, "Cleopatra," these days is, "Which one of the picture's star's father is a bachelor?" The answer is: Richard Burton. His Dad adopted Richard as a child, but he never married. Some people claim Eddie Fisher started the gag.

TAKE TEA AND SEE . . .

Discussing the recent flood situation in Sussex County, Shoreham, England, Councillor Mrs. F. M. L. Richards said that manure had become mixed with water "making it a different cup of tea entirely."

P.S. SHE GOT THE JOB . . .

This story was relayed to us by a junior executive of one of our big soft drink companies with an office in Paris. Since he couldn't speak a word of French when he first arrived there, he looked around for a secretary who could speak both French and English. The girl he finally hired brought a letter of recommendation from her former employer which read: "You can do no better than hire Miss Nicole Marchand. I wish to say that she worked under me for two years, and all the time she was here I felt completely satisfied."

SO SARI . . .

The head of the Lutheran Church of India, the Reverend N. J. Ezekiel, admitted he was puzzled by one aspect of American life on his first visit to this country. "With so much wealth in your country, with so much money to buy beautiful cloth, I am surprised American girls and women wear their skirts so short."

WHAT GALL? DE GAULLE . . .

One of the de Gaulle stories told in London concerns Madame de Gaulle's report about her visit to the Louvre and the wonderful Reubens, Leonardos and El Grecos she had seen, and she added: "Charles, great masterpieces are just what we need to complete our home."

"I know," de Gaulle replied, "but I'm so busy these days, how could I take time off to paint?"

AD LIB-STICK . . .

On a local bus there is an advertisement for Smith Brothers coughdrops which reads, "Take one to bed with you." Underneath this, scribbled in lipstick, some girl had written, "I wouldn't sleep with either one of them."

VIVE LA FRANCE . . .

According to Paris's No. 1 daily, a leading French minister allegedly made an appointment with the head of the French security sector. "I have a mistress," he allegedly admitted. "I visit her twice a week at such-and-such an address, at such-and-such hours. In case you hear any rumors – well, we don't want any Profumo scandal in France, do we?"

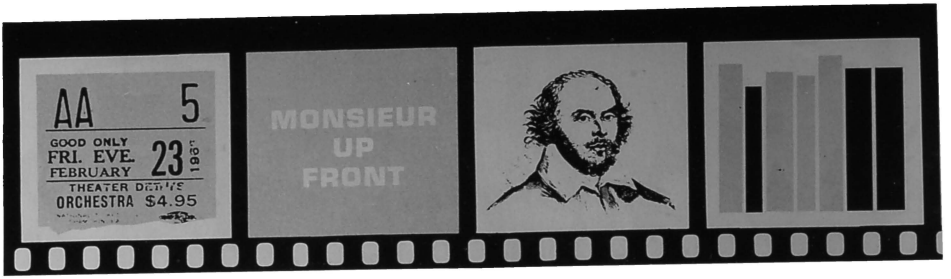
NOT OUR TYPE . . .

Typographical errors are funny to everyone but the poor editors. The Boss-man of a leading motion picture magazine–at least, so it's told in the trade – almost shot a proofreader when the following paragraph appeared in an article he ran on the beautiful movie star Martha Hyer:

"You can peep in almost any evening on this home-loving young actress and find her cuddled up on an easy chair with a good boob before a crackling log fire."

LIGHTS OUT . . .

Tammy True, a stripper, sued a Fort Worth night club for $150,000. She said the owner purposely took the spotlight off her so the customers could pinch her in the dark.



BOOKS

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., the author of the novel, *Cat's Cradle* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is a man with ideas and an original way of expressing them. He creates a fictional father of the atomic bomb and presents him at the precise moment it was being dropped on Hiroshima, as playing with a piece of string, a "cat's cradle," and showing it to his midget son, to whom he was speaking for the first time. And years later, when this scientist dies, he leaves to his three children a formula, Ice-9, which turns anything that comes into contact with it into a frozen stiff. The daughter, an ugly duckling, uses her share of Ice-9 to buy a handsome scientist. The oldest son uses it to buy power, and the midget trades it for a few wild nights with a circus midget. It all leads up to the start of the new Ice Age. *Cat's Cradle* is an entertaining, satiric fantasy that is way out, but the ideas in it are way in.

Did you know that gambling in Monte Carlo was started out of desperation in 1861? After France had grabbed off almost all of Monaco except for the barren speck on the map that exists today, the present Prince Rainier's great-grandfather decided to gamble on gambling to keep his monarchy alive. Princess Grace owes her title to him, but she is about the only one who owes anything, since Monaco runs its Monte Carlo Casino on a strictly cash basis. In *The Big Wheel: Monte Carlo's Opulent Century* (William Morrow), co-authors George W. Herald and Edward D. Radin have put together a lively history of Monte Carlo. It is filled with anecdotes, both funny and touching, about the famous and infamous who have played "the big wheel." Buy a copy of the book; it's worth the gamble.

Students, teachers, and graduates of New York City's many colleges no doubt will want to take up arms against the British author, Geoffrey Wagner, for his blistering attack on them in his novel, *The Asphalt Campus* (Macmillan). Wagner, a graduate of Oxford who came to the States to get his Ph.D. at Columbia, has created what to him is a typical New York college – Lincoln College – and he no doubt calls his shots as they seem to him. Whether or not you agree that the colleges in the city are "the sweatshops of higher education," you will agree that he has written a colorful and exciting book.

Just mention the name "Mark Twain" and watch the light of recognition go on in everyone's eyes. Most people even know there was another side to Twain beyond the humorist shown in "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," etc., but it's surprising how few have actually ever read any of this Twain. Now, in an excellent anthology, *Mark Twain On the Damned Human Race* (Hill and Wang), edited by Janet Smith, everyone can experience the sharp, biting wit of Twain as he took up the cause of the under-dog and caustically ripped apart social injustice. Some of the pieces are appearing in book form for the first time, while others have been out of print for too long a time. Twain is not a writer to read for nostalgic reasons. He is still very much among us, and with *Mark Twain On the Damned Human Race,* at last the Twain shall meet– both humorist and satirist.

Prohibition turned out to be one of the worst fiascos our government experienced. From the day the 18th Amendment was passed, it turned out to be an unenforceable law. Worse, the outlawing of liquor turned millions of non-drinkers into boozers. It also led to a period of gangster violence (that occasionally still erupts) and corruption that could be found in almost any strata of public office, starting with the cop on the beat. The thirteen years before Repeal were wild, turbulent and colorful, and Henry Lee has caught it all in his exciting, *How Dry We Were* which is sub-titled *Prohibition Revisited* (Prentice-Hall). It is without question the most complete and best book written to date on the subject.

Some writers seem to have only one really good book in them. This is particularly true of those who hit the best-seller list with slightly fictionalized autobiographies. It is as if, after they have told their own personal story, they have nothing interesting left to say. A perfect example of this is Betty Smith who 20 years ago hit the literary bullseye with *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.* Since then she has turned out very little, and what she has, including her latest novel, *Joy in the Morning* (Harper & Row), just doesn't add up to much. Her story of an 18-year-old bride adjusting to life with a 20-year-old student husband is the slick stuff from which radio soap operas used to be made.

U.S. Naval Scientist Reveals How You May

NOW! FILL YOUR GAS TANK ONCE A MONTH... CHANGE YOUR OIL ONCE A YEAR!

Amazing invention converts raw untapped power in ordinary gasoline into a fantastic new source of energy for your car!

Yes, SAVE EVEN up to $15.00 a month, save up to 35 gallons of gas each month . . . without adding a single new part to your car!

by CARL ANDERSON

(as compiled from official Government documents and scores of reports from the leading oil companies in the United States)

What you are about to enter in a new era of automotive history. An era of mileage miracles where you can take a 10 year old car and drive across 6 states of the union on a single tank of gas—Where you can blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls—an era so wondrous and startling that "impossible" savings like 29, 33 even 35 gallons per month are proven facts—

AND NOT ON SOME DREAM CAR OF THE FUTURE BUT ON THE VERY CAR YOU MAY BE DRIVING TODAY!

Yes, what you are going to do to your car is the very same thing that leading automotive scientists now also to their cars . . . the very same thing that both police cars and huge taxi fleets now do to even the worst gas guzzling engines they have—Yes, the very same thing that even Rolls Royce is now doing to their most expensive models—You are going to convert the hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline into a surging new source of power for your car . . . power that costs you not one single cent!

So come now to secret Govt file No. 186,694 . . . and brace yourself for the most spectacular invention of our times . . . the dream-child invention of U.S. Naval Scientist, W. T. Johns, that's guaranteed to give you more blazing power, more super pick-up, more miles per gallon than you could ever possibly hope for . . . and at the same time save you as much as $500.00 a year on gas and oil, year after year after year.

Imagine the thrill of filling your gas tank as little as once a month . . . as you convert untapped power into a whole new storehouse of energy!

How is this possible? The answer is simple. You see, as any automotive engineer will tell you, the hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline is one of the most powerful fuels on the face of the earth. More powerful than the fuel used in jet aircraft . . . more powerful than liquid oxygen . . . even more powerful than the fuel in giant diesel engines.

Then what happens to all this power in those hydro-carbon atoms? Once again the answer is simple . . . only this time it's expensive, too. Because, out of every gallon of gasoline pumped into your car today, your present engine can extract only 30% of the total power potential. What happens to the other 70%? That other 70% of possible power in every gallon? NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! Your engine just isn't equipped for the extra power in those atoms . . . and they go wasting away out of your exhaust pipe, unused, untapped, PURELY WASTED. It's as if your tail pipe was literally spitting out good money mile after mile after mile. Can something be done about this ridiculous waste of money and gasoline? That's the question that's stumped the experts ever since they first discovered this vast storehouse of energy in ordinary gasoline. Only, now the answer is YES! Here's why:

The Amazing Discovery of U.S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns

Years ago while working with special government engines, Naval Scientist W. T. Johns noticed a peculiar thing: these high-powered engines were able to extract more power from the gasoline fed to them, than ordinary automobile engines were able to do. Realizing he was on the verge of perhaps one of the most significant discoveries of our age . . . W. T. Johns quickly pooled all his efforts . . . plus all the knowledge he had gathered as a research Scientist for the Navy Rocket program . . . and here is what he uncovered:

More Miles Per Gallon Than You Ever Dreamed Possible!

The secret of extracting more blazing power from the untapped hydro-carbon atoms in ordinary gasoline is now achieved when his new invention called the Dynovac was attached to the car engine . . . thereby eliminating one of the greatest causes of lost hydro-carbon power . . . AND CONVERTING THOSE WASTED HYDRO-CARBON ATOMS INTO PISTON DRIVING POWER mile after mile after mile.

Even more startling, because of this conversion . . . because you could now get more power with less wear and tear on your car's engine, W. T. Johns was astounded to find that not only could you fill your gas tanks as little as once a month . . . but you only had to change your oil as little as once a year!

In plain simple talk, the miracle that U. S. Naval Scientist W. T. Johns discovered while working for the Navy can be then applied to cars. So that you can now save up to 35 gallons of gas each month . . . up to $500.00 worth of oil and gas each year!

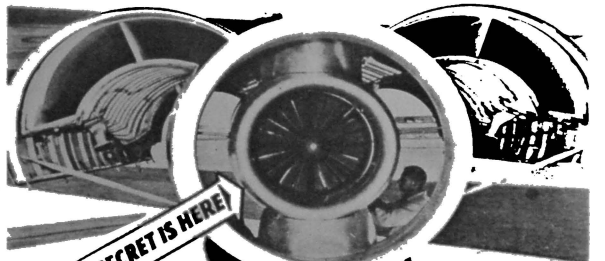
Is This Invention Available To The Public?

By now you are probably saying to yourself, this invention yet available to the public . . . and if so, how can I get it? Well, on American cars the principles of this amazing invention not yet standard equipment . . . and will not become so for at least 2 or 3 years. OR I ONCE SAID, foreign made cars the same is true with one exception. Should you purchase a Rolls Royce, it BUILT IN ELECTROLYTIC UNIT USING THE PRINCIPLE OF JOHNS-DYNOVAC-RY but already been installed by the factory. But since we don't expect most people to be buying Rolls Royce cars tomorrow (even though they are the finest in the world) . . . here is how you can get a DYNOVAC for your car . . . and see with your own eyes the fantastic change it will make in your car's engine . . . and all at our risk on this special trial offer

What This Means To You

It means that if you are sick and tired of seeing your car literally "ignore" water and throw away hundreds of gallons of gas . . . If you are sick and tired of putting in a 35c gallon of gas and getting back a mere 10c worth of performance . . . then here at last is the dream discovery you've been waiting for. Because, thanks to the miracle DYNOVAC no matter if you drive in heavy stop and go city traffic . . . or if you blaze the turnpikes at 70 or 80 miles an hour speeds . . . no matter whether you drive in sub-zero climates or even oven-hot deserts . . . no matter whether you drive 50, 60, even 100 miles a week, month after month, year after year . . . no matter whether your car is a six cylinder or 8-cylinder, manual shift or automatic shift, whether a brand new 1964 model or one that's 10 years old

YOU CAN NOW FILL YOUR GAS TANK JUST ONCE A MONTH... CHANGE YOUR OIL ONCE A YEAR!



Yes, it was while working in conjunction with the U.S. Navy on its jet and rocket research program that Naval Scientist W. T. Johns first unlocked the secret to his great new invention. For it was on engines such as this that Johns first discovered how to unlock the latent power in wasted hydro-carbon atoms . . . THE VERY SAME ATOMS FOUND IN ORDINARY GASOLINE . . . ATOMS THAT YOU CAN NOW UNLEASH INTO A NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY FOR YOUR CAR! For full details read the rest of this exciting breakthrough in automotive engineering.

Gas Savings As High As 50% Or More

reports panel of consumers who have tried this sensational invention! And each day new reports of equally glowing results still keep pouring in.

46% BETTER GAS MILEAGE reports John Doremus of Passaic, N. J. "And I not only got all this extra mileage per gallon . . . but was also able to use regular rather than high test gas."

GETS 22 MILES A GALLON ON CAR $3,000 MILES OLD . . . Roscoe Warner, Knoxville, Iowa, confirms lab proof that with DYNOVAC you achieve fantastic gas savings, oil savings . . . even on cars that are way past "middle age."

GAS MILEAGE SOARS AS HIGH AS 50% BETTER writes G. S. Selie, Cambridge, Mass. Lavish praise after evaluating the results of this amazing invention after 40,000 of both city and highway driving.

OVER 60% MORE MILES PER GALLON IN CONSUMER COMPARISON TEST, reports C. B. Thomas, Marysville, Mich. . . . in comparing the car with Dynovac vs. a previously owned V-8 without Dynovac.

50% MORE MILES PER GALLON raves C. Jackson, White Plains, N. Y. Still another case that confirms our belief that for improving your car's overall performance nothing can match the miracle DYNOVAC.

10 YEAR OLD CAR GETS 23 MILES A GALLON . . . R. C. Chuber, Mineola, N. Y. details his remarkable results after installing this thrilling scientific invention.

Prove It To Yourself At Our Risk

Nothing speaks louder for a product than a satisfied user . . . and nothing can convince you of DYNOVAC'S amazing results better than to have one for your car. That is why we say use it and prove to yourself the fantastic results obtained by test-scientists, test-drivers, and test laboratories of this amazing invention.

To do this simply enclose the coupon below and try this miracle invention for a full month. If at the end of that time you are not convinced that here is the most amazing invention in all automotive history . . . that it does not deliver every claim made on this page . . . then simply return it, it has cost you nothing, that's how positive we are of the results you will receive. But recent cost factors have pushed up our costs . . . within a short time the price of the DYNOVAC will be increased from $4.95 to at least $5.95 or higher. So before prices rise, order yours today!

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Please rush me the sensational DYNOVAC immediately! I understand the price is $4.95 for which I enclose cash, check or money order. It is understood that I may return the unit anytime for full purchase price refund if I am not fully satisfied.

MAKE OF CAR ..... YEAR .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

SPECIAL OFFER: Purchase one for yourself and one for a friend and save even more. Order two DYNOVACS for just $8.95 (a savings of $1.00) same guarantee as above.
Make of Second Car ..... Year .....

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PERFORMS GAS-SAVINGS MIRACLES ON EVERY MAKE OF CAR . . . AND INSTALLS IN JUST SECONDS

To install your DYNOVAC takes but a few minutes. Simply attach to your engine block at manifold oil-opening—that's all . . . nothing else. (Easy directions accompany each DYNOVAC. it's so easy that you need not know a single thing about an engine to install this invention, yet you save up to 10 times the price of this amazing invention in just a few months after installing it. See NO RISK TRIAL offer at right.)

Here's the Most Sensational GUARANTEE You Ever Saw

No matter how old your car may be, whether it's a compact, regular car, bus, truck or even a taxi . . . whether you drive in the city—in stop and go traffic or on high speed turnpikes, you must achieve the most incredible gas savings and overall performance from DYNOVAC or you may return DYNOVAC anytime for a full purchase price refund—no questions asked!

Carefree, happy island belles consider California and Hawaii "suburbs" of Tahiti in their spirited hunt for American males . . .

"Les Girls" From Tahiti

by David Hadley

WHEN the early French explorer Dumont D'Urville was setting sail for Tahiti, he was instructed by his king: **"D'apprivoiser les hommes, mais rendre les femmes un pe plus sauvages!** Tame the men, but make the women wilder!" Since that time many male visitors have gone to Tahiti to see just how well he succeeded in this order. He must have carried out the command to the letter, because crews of the explorers of the Pacific visiting Tahiti, the whalermen, beachcombers off tramp-steamers, painters, writers and tourists, have globally lauded the beauty an

sensuality of the golden-skinned, voluptuous *vahines* of this island.

And now that Tahiti has in full operation its new jet airstrip – constructed over coral reefs parallelling the beach strand in Faaa just outside Papeete – and with at least a half-dozen airlines a week and a dozen vessels a month servicing the island – the tourist influx this year to the "Paris of the Pacific" has increased steadily. 95% are Americans, and of this total 91% are males, lured to Tahiti by extravagant and erotic propaganda on its Polynesian charmers by such adroit masters of pen, brush and camera as Pedro de Quiros who discovered Tahiti in 1606, Captain James Cook, Herman Melville, Pierre Loti, Paul Gauguin, the British poet Rupert Brooke who wrote his *Great Lover* there, Somerset Maugham, Frederick O'Brien, and the late Hall-Nordhoff writing-team.

Captain Cook, who explored extensively the South Seas, and who visited and revisited Tahiti, wrote in his early chronicles: "... pleasures of love are always the principal topic of conversation, and everything is mentioned without any restraint or emotions ... it cannot be supposed that, among these people, chastity is held in much estimation."

Monsieur Louis Antoine Bougainville, French navigator and explorer, named Tahiti "The New Cytherea," and he rapturously explained why: "Here men live with vices, without prejudices, without necessities, without disputes ... they know no other god but – *LOVE!*"

The coming of the jet-age to Tahiti, France's island paradise in the far South Pacific – diminishing distances – has made it possible for bevies of golden-skinned, voluptuous Tahitian *vahines* (girls), this year especially, to establish romantic beach-heads in California and Hawaii. Once the white males went to Tahiti to woo the island belles, but now the Tahitian girls are leaving Tahiti on a hunt for *tane-popaas* (white lovers). A few came ahead as strumpetting scouts, found the conquests delightful, and so sum-

(continued on page 16)

Taking the pictures in their usual order, a Tahitian vahine is happiest when she's dancing a traditional erotic dance... The pretty Tahitian fixing her hair is making herself pretty in the hopes that some tourist might take her to Honolulu or California for a visit ... and now back to dancing which along with singing and love-making are the complete absorption of Tahitian vahines.

If You Knew
She was sexy, saucy and sensual.
The only trouble was
she just turned 15 . . .
love

Suzie . . .

by Miles Donis

THE ship's band played "Lily Marlene" for the fourth time and an anarchy of flamboyant paper hats and noise makers bobbed up and down in quick-step time to the music. It was the last night at sea. The band dashed into a polka and Nancy and her partner collided into another couple, nearly knocking them off their feet. With a shrug of exasperation she took his hand and, bumping through the dancers, led him across the Tourist Lounge to a table on the edge of the floor.

"Oh, where is Suzie?" Nancy said, craning her neck and standing tip-toe for a better look over the dance floor.

"It's hot in here," Douglas said.

"It's certainly too hot to dance," Nancy replied, throwing herself down into a chair with a pretense of utter exhaustion. The Tourist Class Lounge did overheat easily.

"You want a drink?" Douglas asked.

"I don't drink," Nancy said as though it were a terrible slight to her virtue. "Only sometimes, a little." (*Continued on page 60*)

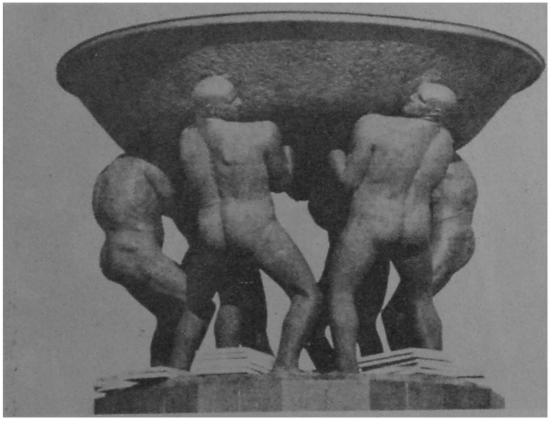
"You win! – We like your originality – especially the way you dotted your 'I's'."

Rumors to the contrary, all the Beatniks have not been chased out of New York's Greenwich Village. There still is a small corps of them making a last ditch stand (and some of them look as if they've been living in the ditch) to repopulariize the movement before history marks it off as a dead beat.

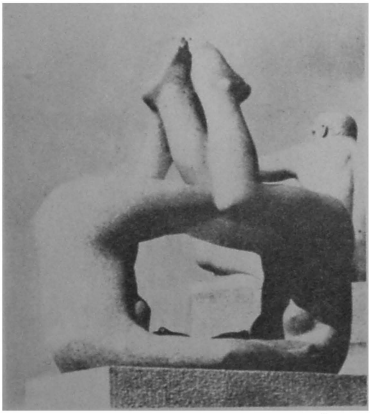
With your interest at heart, we sent one of our photographers down to the Village to see if he could capture on film the last of the Beatniks. If we're to believe his story, one of the more negative Beats tried to rub toothpaste on his camera. Since toothpaste is supposed to remove the film, he objected, was hit over the head and when he awoke he found himself in Vigland's Frogner Park *in Norway!* His camera still loaded (which we suspect he was, too) he shot the famous statues in the park and sent them back to us.

At first we didn't think these pictures fit in with the Beatnik captions we had prepared but our photographer swears that if we hadn't said anything you never could have told the Beats from the statues so here goes . . .

A VISIT TO GREENWICH VILLAGE



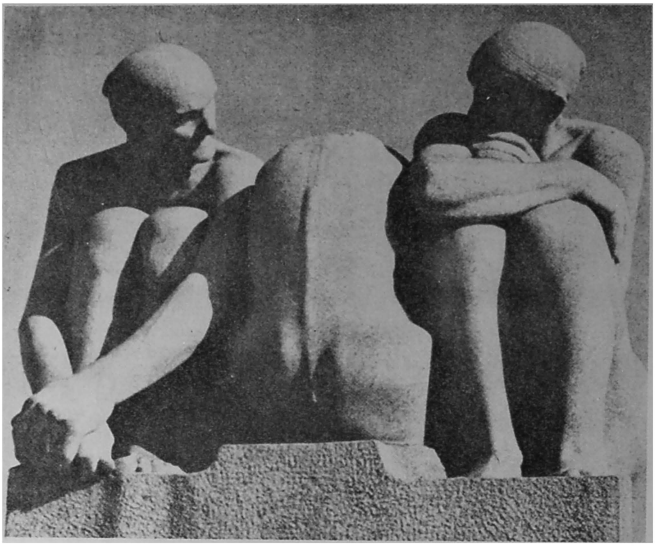
Beats moving a bathtub out of their pad.



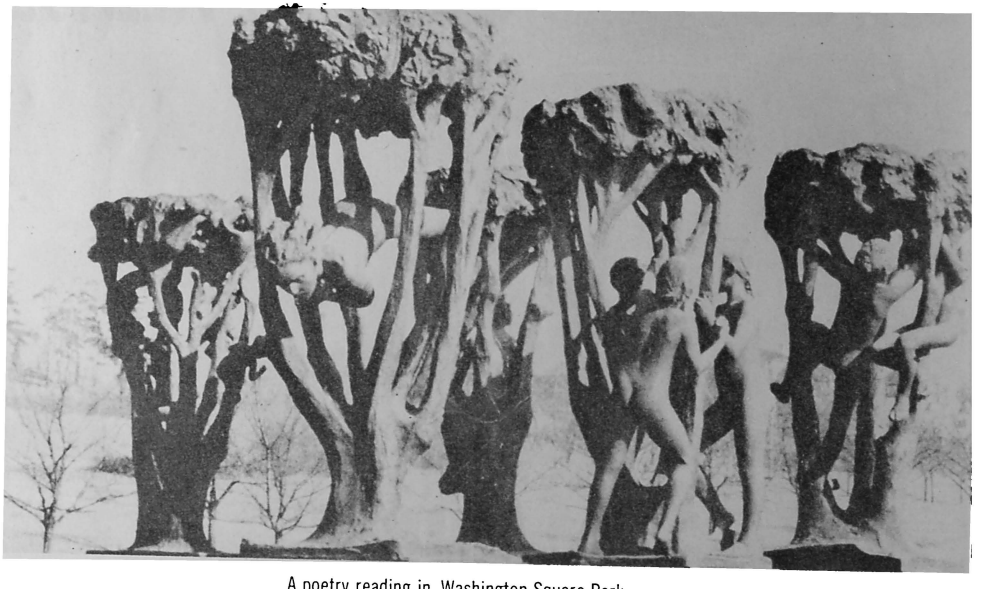
"Him? He comes to all our parties."

—HUH?

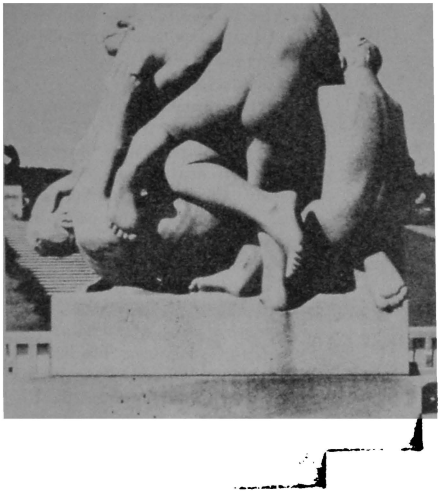
by Jay Richards



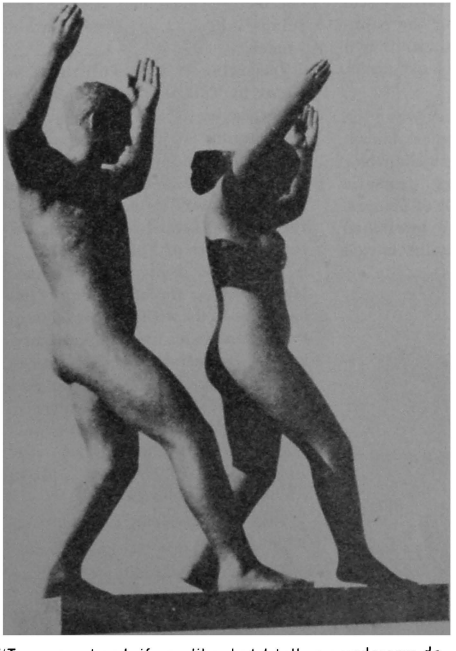
"What this pad needs is more plumbing facilities."



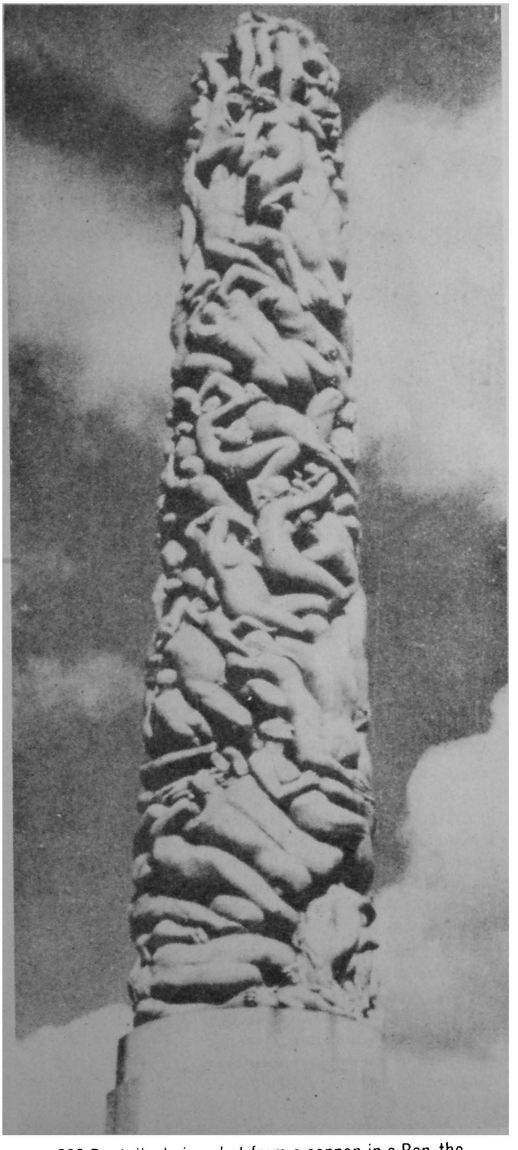
A poetry reading in Washington Square Park.



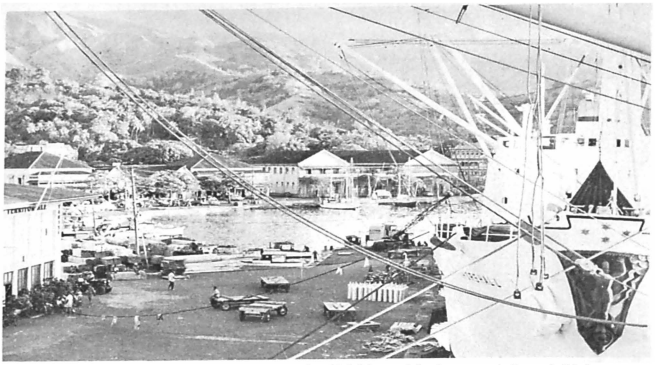
"C'mon, let's have the beer opener."



"Turn your head, if you like, but I tell you underarm deodorants are for conformists."



500 Beatniks being shot from a cannon in a Ban-the-Bomb protest gesture.



A view of Papeete, Tahiti, which to the Tahitian girls is now dull and lifeless.

TAHITI (*continued from page 9*)
moned their supporting units of swivel-hipped, promiscuous floozies from their various hangouts in Tahiti.

Several Tahitian girls were imported by Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios for added scenes in the colossal, multi-million-dollar movie *Mutiny on the Bounty*. At Hollywood parties where they were invited, groups of beautiful, shapely American actresses and models were neglected while the panting, whinnying males pranced around the island *houris*.

"Just what is it that those brazen brown-skinned bitches have that we don't?" loudly demanded one irate, glamorous actress, deep in her cups.

If she had stayed to watch these Tahitian *vahines* kick off their slippers and leap into a wild exhibition of an island love-dance, the *otea*, she would have seen the amazing muscular control of their pelvic region, seemingly powered by a built-in, high-speed, eccentric motor, a traditional rhythmic talent that leaves little to the imagination. Also, the Tahitian *vahine* is rarely coy, domineering, demanding, teasing, deceptive, or mercenary about her romantic indulgences. She never employs sex as a weapon or, under normal island conditions, as a bartering commodity. She has a great capacity for love, and if a man pleases her hedonistic eyes she's receptive.

The Tahitian males were, and are, firm believers that all men should consider women the greatest gift of the gods for their earthly pleasures. So today if a white man in Tahiti doesn't become friendly with a *vahine* the first night in the island, they wonder what's wrong with him. Should a week pass, and if he's still strolling solitarily along the palm-shaded roads or beaches, then they'll delegate a lovely girl to make direct overtures to him.

With most white males who visit Tahiti, before the tropical sunset has made its customary technicolor display over the craggy, dramatic spires of the opposite isle of Moorea, the errant husband or bewitched bachelor of every nationality is well along on this sociological and biological research with an affectionate female at one of the well-known bars in Papeete.

American visitors rate the best in hand-picked sea-food dinners.

With the tremendous increase of obsessed males to Tahiti, French officials there are visibly worried. One Government head declared anxiously: "Tahiti is booming as a tourist resort, and it's bound to increase as more hotels are completed. But no tourist resort can have the assurance of permanency unless we make it *a family playground* — not just *a playground for wild men!*"

But Tahiti has been labelled a "man's island" for too long a time, and it will be almost impossible to camouflage the prime and formidable attraction — the tawny, swivel-hipped, pleasure-loving, singing-dancing, man-hungry Tahitian *vahines!* Too many males have come back with well substantiated, fabulous tales of a 1001-Tahitian-nights!

As Barnaby Conrad, the American ex-matador cum author, said succinctly: "The only inexpensive things in Tahiti are fresh fish and women."

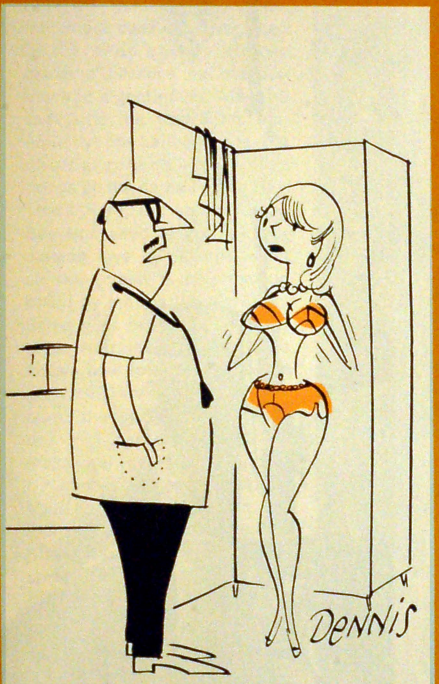
Observing the antics of American males in Tahiti with their *vahine* sweethearts, it is obvious that they are running wild, and when they leave they usually take their Polynesian playmates with them, or send for them later. It looks as if California and Hawaii will shortly become a suburb of Tahiti.

The MGM company that filmed *Mutiny on the Bounty* in Tahiti has had a lot to do with the invasion of Papeetean *poules* to mainland America and Hawaii. One of the stars of the movie, guzzling beer and nuzzling an adoring *vahine*, when off the set, would often proclaim publicly: "Lord help the American wife and girl-friend if these Tahitian trollops invade our shores!"

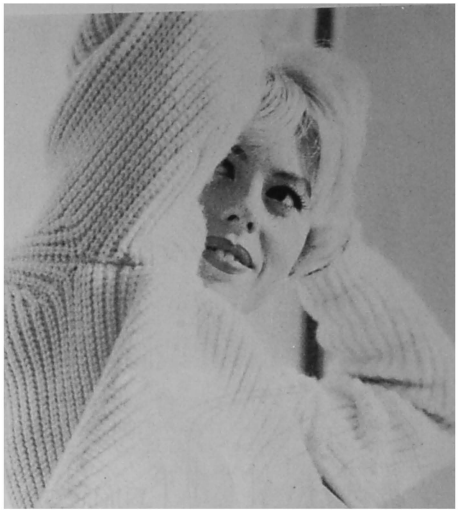
Well, the invasion is briskly underway.

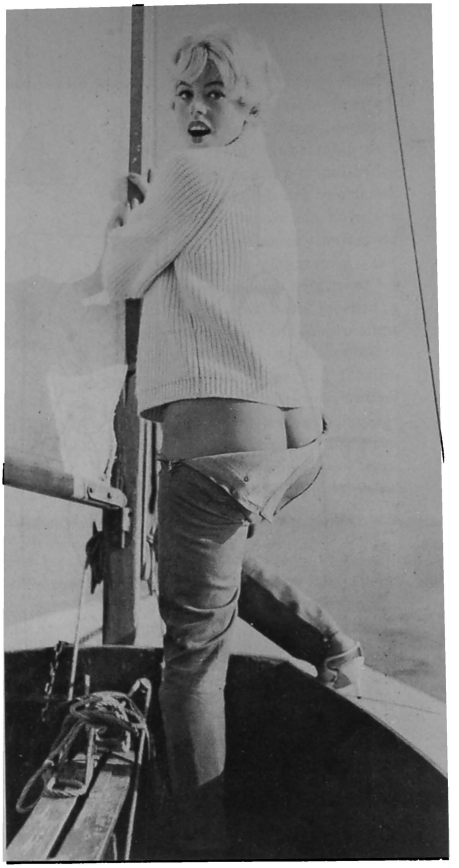
The lovely native star of *Mutiny*, Tarita, was brought back to Hollywood, along with a half-dozen other island beauties, for added film footage on the expensive film, and most

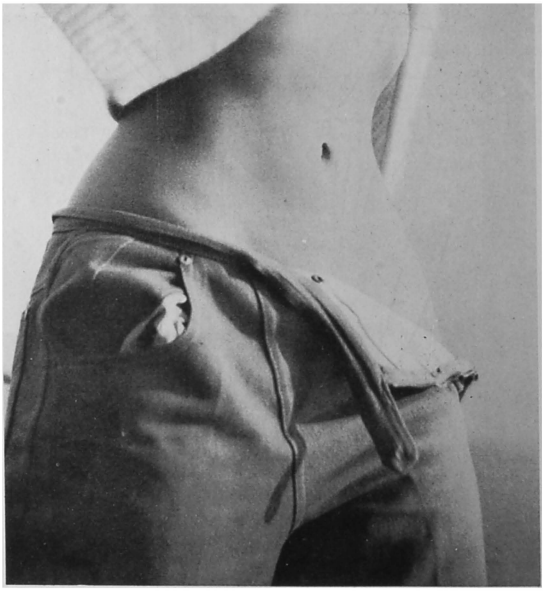
(*continued on page 45*)



There's no need to be shy with me, Miss Lark. I am your doctor and this is a serious profession.



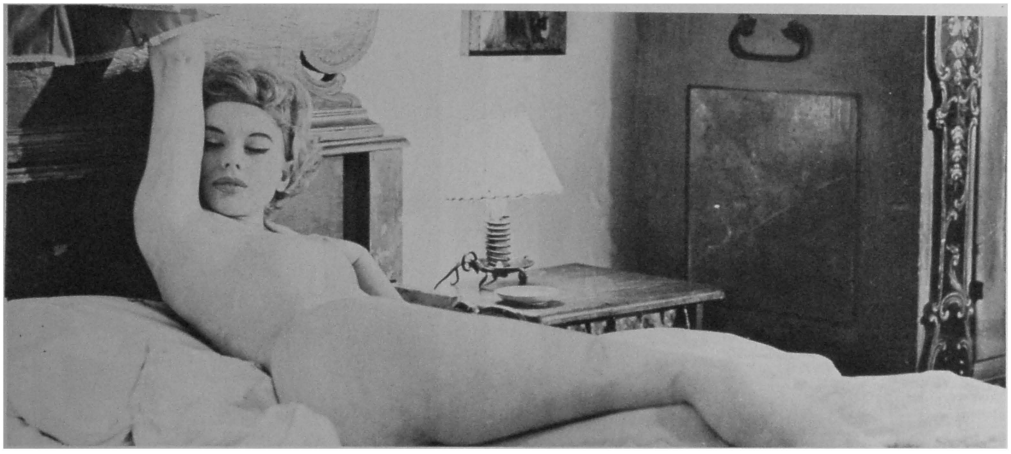




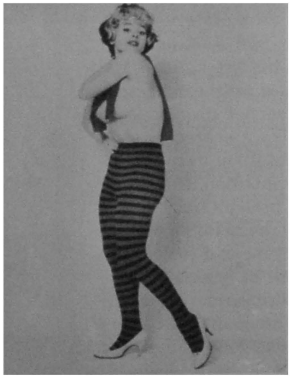
GITTA

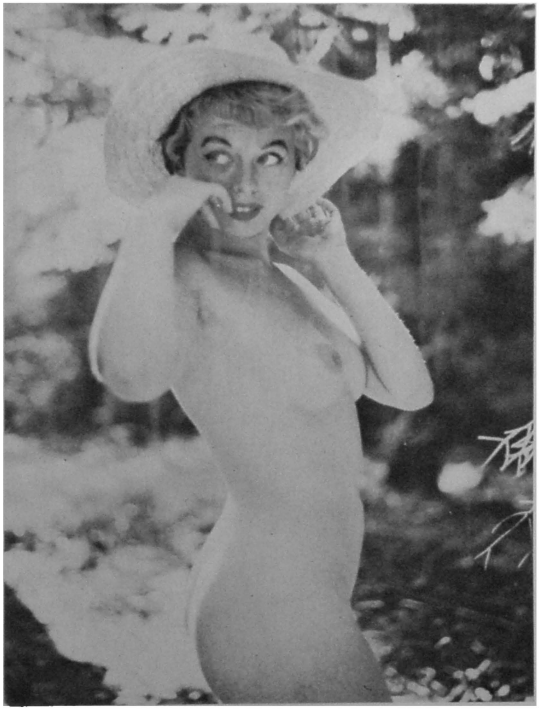
Landlubbers might have a bit of difficulty finding the proper captions for the two pictures on this page of our cover girl, Gitta Pinelli, but anyone who has ever swabbed a deck would immediately come up with "fore" and "aft." But don't let the sailboat fool you into thinking that Gitta is a daughter of Neptune; except for skin-diving she can take water sports or leave them alone and the Society of Deep Sea Divers wishes she would leave them alone. The last

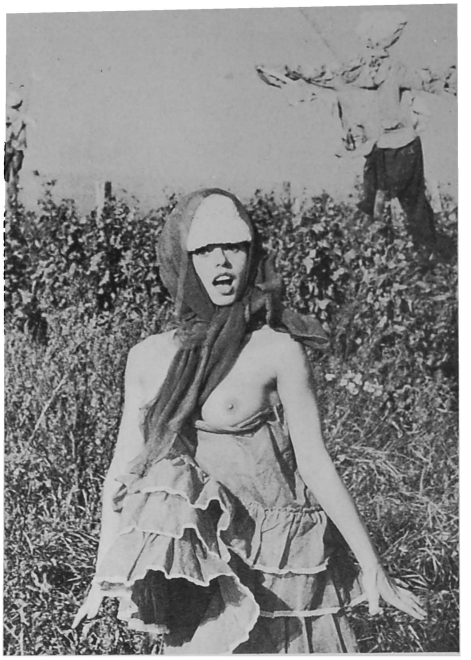
time she went skin-diving she ran into a deep-sea diver deep in the deep and he almost drowned because he was too much of a gentleman. When he saw Gitta, he tipped his hat. Actually the sailboat was the photographer's idea which brings up the name Turhan Bey. That's right, the same Turhan Bey who used to get paid for making love to beautiful girls on the screen is now making bread by putting them on film. Some guys really know how to pick their jobs. Turhan also knows how to pick his models because Gitta is recognized as one of the top Continental beauties and her expressive face makes her ideal to photograph. Gitta looks as good indoors as outdoors but a gentleman farmer friend of Turhan coaxed the photographer into using his spread of land for the shooting. It was his idea to pose Gitta near a tree because he feels there's something feminine about a tree. It does a strip-tease in the fall, goes about with bare limbs all winter, gets a new outfit in the spring and lives off the saps all summer. When he heard that Gitta loves to dance he told her he was going to cross a peach tree with a rubber tree so the peaches would come out with a band in the pit. As you can see he's not much of a farmer and we're willing to bet if the opportunity presented itself, he'd prove he wasn't much of a gentleman either. His idea of a successful farmer is a guy with 160 acres who has 40 acres of billboards, 40 acres in a drive-in movie, 40 acres in a driving range, and the government paying him for doing nothing with the balance.

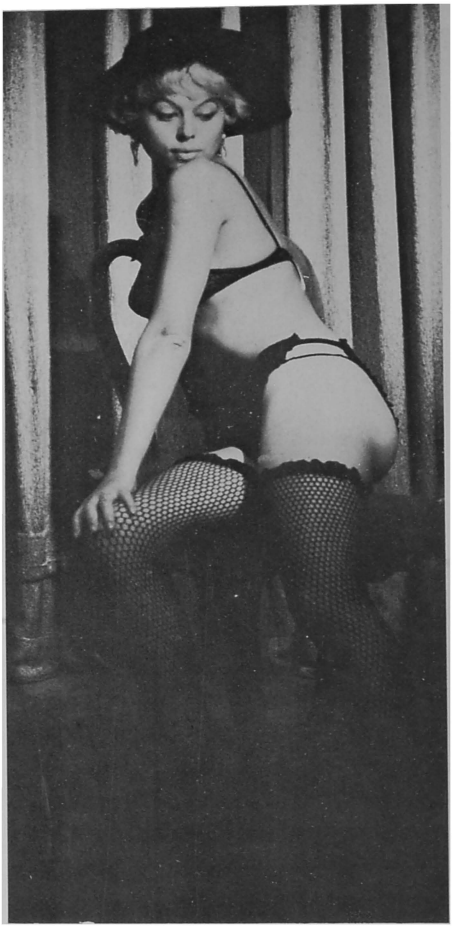


On the entire farm he has only one old hen who sits on an ax trying to hatchet. He tried to get the hen to lay a loaf of bread but the old bird wouldn't because she didn't have the crust. At one time he had 9,000 head of cattle. No bodies—just heads. As you can appreciate, they're not easy to milk that way; hard to get a grip. The reason he never kept a whole cow was because he had been told it was dangerous to milk one during a thunderstorm. If the cow was struck by light-









ning, he'd be left holding the bag. But now let's get back to Gitta. It was her pixie idea to dress up like a scarecrow and give the real thing in the background competition. It worked, too. Crows brought back bits of crops they had stolen as far back as a year ago just to get a close view of her. As for the costume Gitta is wearing on the cover, it comes from a zebra that took one look at her and blushed.

by Ralph Oliver

Party girls are a part of big business but the newlyweds never suspected how big a part...

CONVENTION For Two

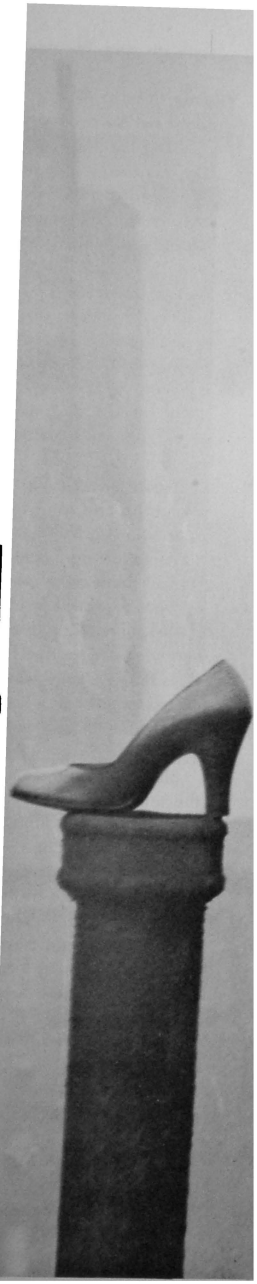
Joe Milsap had a very beautiful wife. In fact, he'd married Carla mainly because of her extreme beauty. He really hadn't known her long enough to have married her for a better reason.

Joe first saw Carla lying on the sand at Carmel — blonde, bikini-ed, built — the kind of woman you wouldn't expect to pick up on the beach and, once you did, you wouldn't ordinarily marry her within three days. Joe Milsap did, though. He married her, and he hadn't even been drunk at the time.

Joe was a traveling salesman, a damned good one, and the terrible fault he soon discovered with Carla could easily jeopardize his career. His new wife was the most jealous woman he had ever known. At first he was flattered; he found it comforting to know that a woman so lovely could be jealous of him. But on the morning of the convention Joe decided that this matter of jealousy could be quite distasteful. He had to make the convention and his new wife hadn't been invited.

Carla sat up in bed, holding the sheet modestly over her majestic breasts, shouting, "Honeymoon's over, so whiz — off you go. Three-day orgy in Chicago, that's all it is. I know all about those hot deals."

"It's business," said Joe. "We're expected to attend. I'm



sorry it's stag, but next time . . ."

"Next time!" she spat like an injured kitten, flinging the sheet from her lovely body. "Go to your filthy old party. I might not be around for the next time."

"Don't feel that way, darling," soothed Joe, sitting on the bed, bending to kiss her full, juicy lips.

"How do you expect me to feel? Just off our honeymoon and you go running off to a party with the girls. I know what hoppens at those conventions and I know the type of women who go there." She turned away and began sobbing very dramatically.

"It's all right, honey," said Joe. "I'll call the office and tell them I'm sick or something. But you know what this means to my career, don't you? J.B. will be there and he's counting on my report from the west coast branch."

"If it means that much to you," said Carla, "go ahead to your old party. Just don't come back around here with lipstick on your clothes."

"I promise, darling. I won't drink too much and I'll go straight to bed after the evening sessions." He reached and pulled her against him, kissing her gently. "You know how I hate to leave you, sugar."

"Just don't make a habit of this, Joe," she warned. Then a car horn sounded outside. "There's your cab, you'd better go."

Joe pulled himself away from her, picked up his luggage and winked goodbye from the bedroom door.

As the cab pulled away, Carla leaped from the bed in her fabulous nudity and watched until it was out of sight. Then she went to the kitchen and mixed a screwdriver, pouring a little more vodka than was necessary for a morning pick-me-up.

She set down the empty glass a few seconds later, went to the telephone and dialed a number without looking it up. "Rose," she said, "this is Carla. About that convention date at the Regis tonight, I can make it . . . Yeah, it's all right. Joe will be half way across the country. He's got a convention in Chicago. See you at the bar."

She dropped the phone back in the cradle, mixed another screwdriver, went back to the bed and lay down, finally closing her eyes in a satisfied smile.

While at a bar several blocks away, Joe was having a drink.

"Getting an early start, ain't you, Joe?" asked the bartender.

"Got a few hours to kill," he said. "I'm supposed to be going to Chicago, but my wife's the jealous type and if I told her the convention is right here in town at the Regis, she'd probably barge right in the middle of things. Might even mess me up with the boss."

"Smart thinking, Joe. You really got that gal figured, huh?"

"Yeah," he said, grinning, sipping the screwdriver. "I really got her figured."

TV Commercials You'll NEVER See or Hear

by Bill Majeski

There are times when television seems like one big commercial interrupted by programs. Certainly the agency men who concoct these product pushes and sales spiels spend more time and money on these than studios do on most programs.

I mean it takes talent and style to put Katy Winters in a gripping dramatic situation which causes this pretty girl to prespire like a sandhog And it was a stroke of genius to sell deodorant to statues.

But no matter, how wild they get, we wager you'll never see commercials like these. If you ever do, let us know and we'll break down and buy a set. Now on with the commercials . . .

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

ARE you a good neighbor?

Do you do your share in helping the world travel along a smooth road?

Or are you a slob?

If you are a slob, and want to become a good neighbor, send for our Good Neighbor kit—now!

The Good Neighbor pamphlet explains the perplexing situations that come up in every-day dealings with neighbors. For instance:

Do you know how to borrow a six-foot ladder from a five-foot friend without hurting his feelings?

Would you know proper code of behaviour if a cannibal or headhunter moved next door?

Can you decline politely if the elder matron on the block asks to borrow a cup of bourbon?

The answers to these and many more questions are contained in this gaily-colored pamphlet, profusely illustrated by John deCouth, famous American neighbor.

In addition, if you act promptly, we will include at no extra cost, a tiny, 10-power, telescope x-ray, which will allow you to see INSIDE your neighbor's home.

Yes, simply put it to your eye as you pass and you'll find out exactly what's going on at any hour of the day or night.

Not a toy!

You can become more familiar with your neighbors' problems and therefore be a greater help in solving their difficulties.

You can help—neighbor-style.

You can make your neighborhood a neighborhood to be proud of.

Simply write a check for $8.00 to "Hi Neighbor," care of this station.

We know you'll be satisfied—neighbor.

BOYS, GIRLS, COME TO CALIFORNIA FOR THE ORGIES

YES, why bother to go way down to Florida when you can have your orgies in sunny southern California.

Our orgies are bigger and finer than Florida orgies.

Casts of thousands.

Twist all night—with no music!

Throw beer cans at real policemen.

Enjoy special matinee performances of "Orgy and Bess."

Watch with delight as pleasure-crazed co-eds tear off their T-shirts, and U-shirts and yes, even their W-shirts in memorable fits of frenzy.

Panty raids every night at 10.

White tie and tails.

Reservations required.

See the Puissant Pageant—The March of the Wooden Divorcees.

Girls: Learn the Australian Crawl from Hollywood stunt men. Later, you may even get to go into the water.

Why go to Florida, when you can come to glorious California where the son (and daughter) never sets?

Send for our free booklet: "Just Come Along For The Riot."

Special rates for poor kids.

$35 for an unforgettable weekend.

This includes minced ham sandwiches and ensuing legal fees.

See you, honey!

MIC
AT

by Harvey Aronson

When two pretty girls go to the beach to play – the play can be pretty grown-up, especially when one of the girls is married...

MINDY GUNNED the Lincoln in between a Galaxie and a Volkswagen. "Not bad," she said, "fifty-two minutes."

"Don't tell me you do that," said Laura. "You sound just like Howard. Any trip over 15 minutes, and he starts keeping records. The last time we drove to Boston, I had to write down the speedometer totals every hour. We averaged 43.8 miles on the Merritt Parkway."

"That must have been jolly," Mindy said as she opened her door. "I'll carry the blanket. You take the beach bag and the radio."

"La-de-dah," Laura said as she looked around the parking lot, which was a concrete plain of pre-season loneliness. "Jones Beach

in the spring. And we are there."

"How grand," said Mindy.

"Anyway," said Laura, " you can bet that nobody we know is going to be here."

"Now, now," said Mindy, "let's watch our class consciousness." She looked around. "You know, it's pretty."

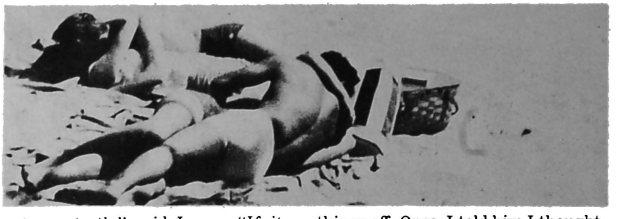
"It's a lot better than that damm apartment house, that's for sure," said Laura.

"What you really mean," said Mindy, "is that it beats taking a baby down in the elevator."

"Ugh," answered Laura, "if only I could never have to see another jar of baby food."

"Don't you know it," said Mindy.

"Especially the soup. It always makes me think of old people without any teeth," said Laura. "If it weren't for my mother, I'd let Nettie take care of all the feeding. But you know my mother. What would Howard think?"



"Good old Howard," said Mindy.

"Yes," said Laura, "and three cheers for Harvard Medical School."

"Rah, rah, rah," Mindy obliged.

"You can afford to be funny," said Laura.

"Not really," said Mindy. "You try getting a divorce some time."

"Getting married was bad enough," said Laura.

"I'll never forget the lobby in that crummy hotel," Mindy said. "If that's Texas, they can have it. There were all these other girls in the lobby, but nobody talked to each other because we all knew we were there for the same exact reason. Everybody in the place, even the chambermaids, knew we were waiting for the limousine to take us across the border to Juarez. A Mexican divorce, you know, bang, bang, bang. But it's . . . uh, well you feel like blushing. Only you don't. I signed some papers and this judge who could hardly speak English smiled and shook my hand. Talk about your mother. Listen, she's a non-conformist compared to mine. You'd think she was supposed to be having the trauma."

"Don't tell me about traumas," Laura said. "You should spend some time with Howard. You know when he has his traumas. I swear to God, I don't think there's anybody anywhere who spends so much time talking about love. He lays there and he talks, talks, talks. I'm not kidding, he even recites poetry!"

"So they all have quirks," Mindy said. "Ralph's was back-rubbing."

"You don't understand. With Howard, it's like he wants to put things off. Once, I told him I thought he was afraid."

"What'd he do?"

"Are you kidding? He just got angry. Like a little kid. He turned over on his stomach and he wouldn't look at me. He said I was a vacuum. No feelings. I didn't have any poetry, that's what he told me. You know what he recites. Robert Burns. 'My love is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June.' "

"I don't know," said Mindy. "In a way, it sounds cute."

"Sometimes," said Laura.

"Well, poetry wasn't one of Ralph's problems," Mindy said, "I'll say that for him."

The walk had opened into a wide promenade divided by a hedge-bordered rectangle of spring-green grass. The girls stopped to examine a lobster and a map of Long Island that had been tiled into the pavement just north of the green, and then moved on toward the boardwalk. On their right, there was a cafeteria with outdoor tables, some of them beneath a glass roof. A Japanese couple loaded down with camera equipment sat at one of the tables, while two women in pedal pushers were busy at another table parceling out hamburgers to a grasping circle of children.

"It's too corny," Mindy said. "Let's eat on the beach. We can get settled first, and then we can come back here and pick up the franks."

"And beer," said Laura. "Let's do it right."

The girls spread their khaki blanket halfway down the beach on the wonderfully clean sand. Mindy put their sneakers on the corners of the blanket and turned on the green-and-white transistor set. They took off their shorts and sweatshirts and folded them neatly on the edge of the blanket. The girls' skin was evidence that they were doing their first serious sun-bathing of the season. Both girls were brunettes; Laura was darker and slimmer and wore her hair long. Mindy, who had freckles running across her nose, tended toward chubbiness.

Mindy took out lotion from the beach bag and they rubbed it into each other's shoulders, and put on their sunglasses. They felt the sun sprinkle their bodies. Mindy loosened the shoulder staps of her green low-backed Catalina and pushed them down. She turned on her stomach and took a paperback out of the bag. Laura, who was wearing a blue-and-white print bikini, sat facing the ocean. The surf was rough, jumping and bouncing shoreward and then lunging stretched-out onto the sand.

"God," Laura said, "I'd like to see something new."

"My, my," said Mindy, "just listen to the jaded woman."

"I forgot," Laura said, "life can be beautiful."

"Yeah," said Mindy.

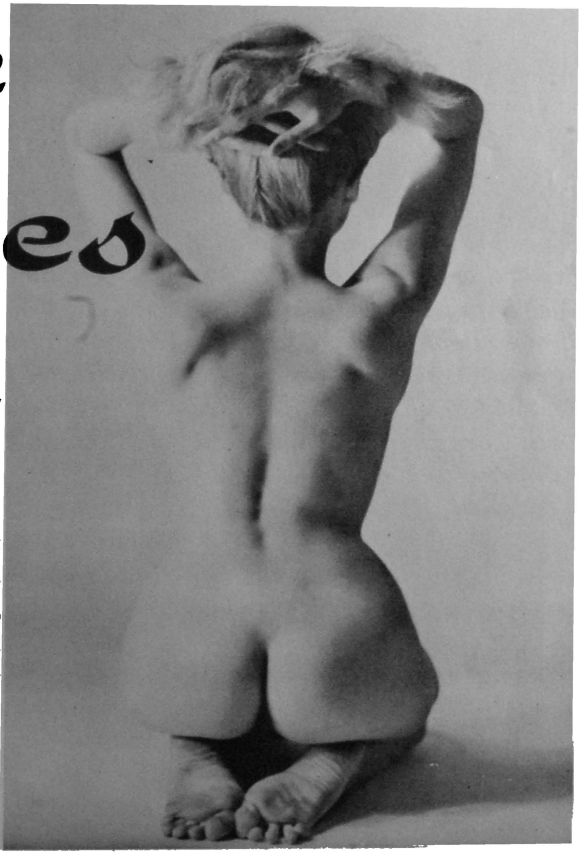
"Oh, hell," Laura said, "enough of this moping. I'll go and get us the food. You want mustard?"

"Lots," Mindy answered. She fixed her shoulder straps and sat up. She was glad to put down the

(*continued on page* 66)

Ode To The Ladies Bare

This poem was sent in by a Monsieur reader. While it may never be mistaken for Shakespeare, Keats or Byron, it certainly has the right feeling — right to the end.



Blessings to thee, ladies fair,
In our Monsieur, *shown so bare.*
Where you pose for our pleasure,
In rare photos we all treasure.
We're glad you don't grab for straps
When you hear loud shutter snaps.
The whole nation joins, I know,
In sending you the thanks we owe.

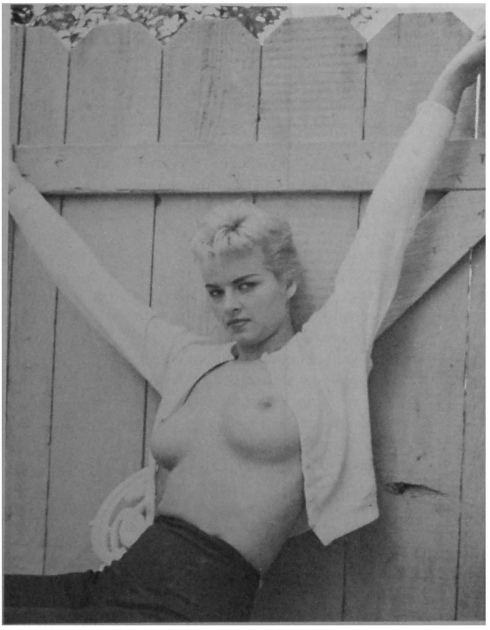
When Monsieur *comes in our mail;*
Precious projects all go stale.
We flip pages with a swirl —
Straight through 'til we glimpse a girl.
Then we sit back, light a smoke,
And soak up all we can soak;
Until we're saturated through
With more and more of you and you.

We see sometimes you posed dressed,
But it's the nudes we like best.
We note what you do for scanties
That divorces them from panties;
Or sweaters screaming of sex,
Forcing control of our reflex.
Many times you've charmed us with
Beauty, 'til then, we thought myth.

We appreciate these views
Because they're our only clues,
Through this modest age we're in,
Of what's really feminine.
We like knowing, when we look,
That we're not being took
By the dime store figure rage,
Modern women try to stage.

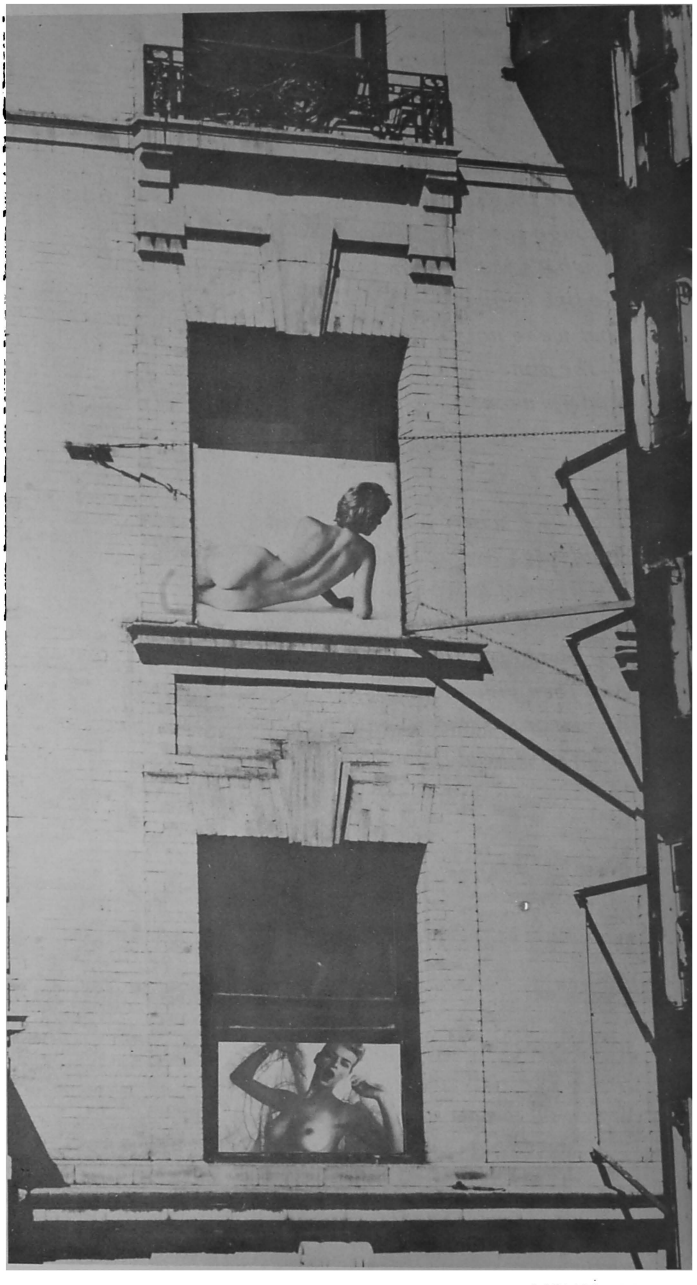
We like it when you're unbound
And lying there on the ground.
We like you when you stand straight
And make us hunger for your bait.
We like to see you turn shy
And then give us a little eye.
We savor your every pose,
From your head down to your toes.

We tell you this very sincere,
For we love you for your career.
We'd not trade you for the world,
As you lie there slightly curled,
Letting us caress your curves
With our eyes — and no reserves.
And we're glad you don't seem to mind
When we pinch your paper behind.



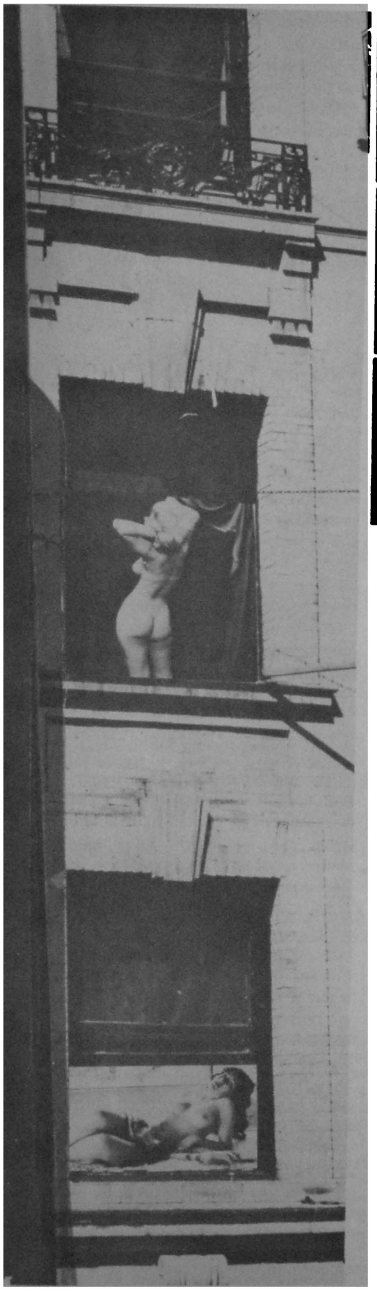
by Ed Stevens

Whether you call it a hotel, motel, or what have you, there's a vast difference between taking off your shirt and losing it...



WHETHER you visit the biggest city in the world or the smallest, chances are you'll stop at a hotel—or something that passes for one (a motel, "inn," lodging house, hostelry, cabin, tourist home, resort or "court"). And when you do, you invariably leave yourself open for some of the shrewdest tricks ever devised for separating you from your hard-earned cash.

The minute you walk up to the room clerk's desk you're ripe for plucking. This is when you're almost dead certain to wind up with more expensive diggings than you really want. Sometimes more expensive than you can afford. Whether it's a room in a swank hotel or a run-down cabin, a double or a single, the character in charge automatically tries to unload the costliest one he has. That's why a traveler in the know automatically asks, "Isn't there something less expensive?" to anything the clerk first offers. And invariably the clerk automatically always answers, "Well, yes!"



Hotels: Hustlers' Haven

This not only makes your travel funds travel farther, it shows you know your way around. And when the clerk hands the bellboy your key he doesn't look as if to say, "Another sucker."

Of course, a guy in a hotel room is most vulnerable where gals are concerned. Millions of them have been sitting ducks for these pigeons.

Inviting a strange girl into your room is looking for all kinds of trouble – in addition to the one strange girls can give you no matter where you take them.

All too many hotels have shady house dicks who'll shake you down for turning a "single" room into a "double" overnight. Very often the one who does this is in cahoots with the girl you think *you* picked up.

It gets really serious, however, if the girl suddenly yells for the house dick and pretends she's just an innocent little thing that you lured to your room and tried to assault. This can cost you anything and everything you have with you, except maybe – if the hustlers' hearts are in the right place–your carfare back home. If they get real tough it may even cost you your home.

These dolls are dynamite. Especially if one comes tap-tap-tapping on your chamber door. Maybe she'll pretend she needs some aspirin, or a bottle opener. Whatever the excuse, it's a cinch that it, combined with how she rolls her eyes and other assets, will be good enough to make you want to ask her in.

Don't!

She can't possibly be up to any good. Her husband might come along right behind her. Then your goose is really cooked.

Hotels can be great playgrounds when you choose your own playmate and play by your own rules. But they can be virtual traps otherwise.

To get to the other ways in which you can be "taken," many people leave their room key with the desk clerk whenever they step out of the hotel, getting it back each time

they return. This presumably saves carrying it around and the chance of losing it when they stumble home half potted in the early ayem.

One disadvantage of this method, however, was vividly illustrated last November in New York City, when a bright young man was arrested for cleaning out rooms via the "desk key" method.

This boy would walk up to a hotel desk, scan the mail boxes to pick out an occupied room, making sure the occupant wasn't in (by whether or not his key was in the box), then ask the clerk for the key to that room.

If the clerk handed it over, he'd simply go up to the room, remove everything that wasn't nailed down and depart as jauntily as he'd come.

That some clerks handed keys over readily and without question is apparent from the fact that the fellow netted over $35,000 by this gimmick during the five month period before his capture.

While on the subject of keys, obviously you aren't the only one who might have a key to your room. So you're looking for trouble if you leave anything of value in your room at any time. Countless persons walk off with hotel keys every year. Door locks are rarely changed in such cases.

Then too there is the professional thief who rents a room just long enough to have the key copied. Then he checks out returning the original key to the management. Not too long afterward he's back again. He easily finds out if the room is occupied, and if the person is in or not, by phone. If the person is out, the crook is in.

It's against the law for a locksmith to duplicate a hotel room key for an unauthorized person, but that doesn't mean that a crook can't get it done. A house detective in Philadelphia, grabbing a suspect after a hotel room robbery back in 1959, found the man had a duplicate key for every room on the floor.

And only recently a thief arrested in Miami Beach was discovered with 248 pass keys in the glove compartment of his car. They opened doors to swank hotel suites up and down the east coast.

Always lock your hotel room door when you go out (you'd be surprised at how many people don't), for there are such things as corridor crooks who go along trying doors to see which fools left them unlocked. If you're there and awake, when such a person (and sometimes it's a woman) enters your room the crook will simply say, "Sorry, the elevator operator must have left me off on the wrong floor." If you're there and asleep, however, you'll be lucky if even your pants are around the next day. The number of people who wake up in hotel rooms to find everything including their clothes gone is one of New York's best kept secrets. As it is of any city that has fine and fancy hotels.

To avoid such embarrassing – and expensive – experiences, never go to bed so plastered you don't remember to lock the door. Especially during conventions or on mornings after holidays—such as New Year's Eve—when the drinks are plentiful and so are corridor crooks in search of wallets, clothing or anything else that will bring a buck in a pawnshop.

Whenever you go to bed, in fact, always keep the door bolted, as well as locked.

Maids and other help also have keys to your room which is another reason why you should never leave valuables lying around. Most maids are honest, of course, and good hotels make every effort to insure that only honest people work for them. But even the best places get stuck with ringers—people with actual prison records, in fact—so just imagine what happens in places where the management isn't so careful.

The maid who lifts money from a wallet is just a damned fool. But some maids are "damned fools" so be careful, regardless. There are other, less obvious ways to bilk your bank account, however.

One ring of thieves, working through hotel maids, did a smashing business in stolen jewelry a while back. They didn't steal—not immediately – jewelry found in a room. Once an expensive piece was spotted by a prying maid, an accomplice was called in. Actually he was an expert who, working with a highly skilled technician, could produce an exact replica of the jewelry —in fake stones, of course—within a day or so.

When finished, the copy would be substituted for the real thing—and it was usually a long time before anyone knew the difference. By that time it would be practically impossible to trace back to just where the switch took place.

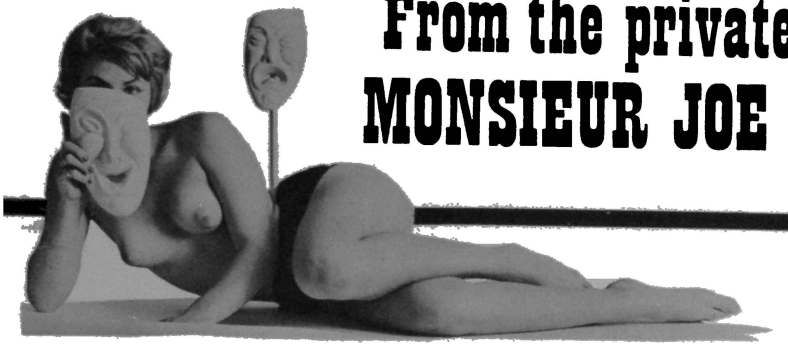
The thieves were finally caught after they switched a brand new pair of earrings which the owner took back to her jeweler the following week to have a matching necklace made. The jeweler spotted the bogus bauble immediately and the woman knew the switch must have been made in her hotel room. This put detectives on the trail of the crooks, and now their only interest in rocks is making little ones out of big ones.

The ring was in operation a long time before it was broken up, however, so nobody knows, even now, how many women throughout the country are still wearing some of this paste jewelry thinking it is the real thing.

Leaving letters or other important documents around your room is another very foolish habit. Such items can be stolen, or simply photo-copied and many cases of blackmail have resulted.

We won't go into how hotels can milk your pocketbook via padded bills, whether for your room, restaurant or bar service. That is a whole article in itself. Nor will we go into petty pilfering, except to mention that you should, of course, always check up on the phone calls that they add to your bill. If the maid has been making any calls to her ailing mother or long distant sweetheart, there's no sense in your paying for them.

So if you want to get by in a hotel keep your mouth, your wallet and your door shut. And by keeping these rules you'll keep what you've got.



From the private files of MONSIEUR JOE MILLER

☛ Lulu's mama told her so much about the birds and bees that she had a terrible time getting interested in men.

* * *

☛ "Do you know the difference between a piccolo and a flute?"

"No, Mr. Bones, what is the difference?"

"A piccolo is a small musical instrument, while a flute is a Chinese queer."

* * *

☛ Way out in the wild and woolly West, the sheriff rode up to a group of poker-playing cow-pokes and looked down at them from atop his gallant stallion.

One of the cow-punchers looked up and asked, "Care for a little stud?"

The horse looked down and said, "Don't mind if I do."

* * *

☛ An *engagement* is a period of urge on the verge of a merge.

* * *

☛ The man said to his wife, "I'm going to the market. Would you like a goose?"

"Okay," she replied, "but let me brace myself first."

* * *

☛ Mama was giving her daughter advice on the eve of her marriage. "Daughter," she told her, "if you want to maintain the dignity of your marriage, and the respect of your husband, never appear before him completely disrobed."

The girl thanked her mamma. After she had been married, most happily, too, for a few weeks, her husband said to her one night, "Say, honey, has there ever been any insanity in your family?"

"I don't understand," said the almost-new bride.

"I mean, has anyone in your family ever been nuts?" her hubby asked, putting the question more plainly.

"Of course not," answered the bride indignantly. "What makes you ask?"

"Well, if you're not nuts, will you tell me why in hell you've kept your hat on for the last three weeks?"

* * *

☛ The young daugher of a well-known painter danced in glee on hearing that one of her mother's paintings had been purchased by a famous museum.

"Oh, Mama," she exclaimed joyfully, "that makes you an Old Mistress, doesn't it?"

* * *

☛ A girl, on her first job as a reporter, won her editor's approval but he pointed out some inaccuracies. "Remember," he said, "it was Joseph Pulitzer who declared that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman."

"That in itself is not entirely accurate," said the girl triumphantly, "a newspaper can always print a retraction."

* * *

☛ "I'll have you know, you jealous cat, that I'm the most beautiful girl in the world."

"In a pig's eye."

"Well, he may be a pig, but he's got lots of money."

* * *

☛ The Chairman arose to introduce the speaker. "I shall be very brief," she said. "I will tell you your guest's name and his topic. His topic is 'Inverted African Violets,' his name is Nathan W. Wimbledon." She sat down only to rise again immediately. "Oh, yes, as to his qualifications, I think it sufficient to tell you that Mr. Wimbledon's Who's Who is six inches long."

MONSIEUR'S
Mademoiselle
of the Month
FERN

Sex

Research, Inc.

by W. A. Baker

London's one-man organization gives you the low-down on women around the world...

AS A YOUNG MAN I WAS FED THE INFORMATION THAT French dishes "were hot while English, say, are cold." Being of a naturally inquiring turn of mind I forthwith determined to conduct a little sex research on my own. I must admit I entered into this very important subject with a light heart and youthful confidence. Now, some years later, I am still anxiously researching without much hope of ever finding all the answers.

Moreover, I have learned it is by no manner of means the frivolous business I thought it to be when first I started, but requires persistent application, constant attention and boundless energy.

Now sex research of a kind is the easiest thing in the world to conduct if you are content with fundamentals. To stress the point let me give you the answers found by a man I know who was picked up and charged by the police for using obscene, insulting

language to young women in dance halls. The 'tecs asked him what exactly he said to the outraged damsels. "Nothing much," he replied, "I just ask them for a dance and while we're dancing I say, 'Do you .....?' (The silence being filled by a certain naughty four letter word that has recently passed into English literature.)

The 'tecs suggested that such a word must surely earn him a lot of rebuffs.

"Oh! It does," he replied, "but then, I get an awful lot of....., too."

As I say, fundamentals are easy but as a serious student I reasoned that such inquiries were superficial and superfluous. My analytical mind at once saw that the answer, if honestly given, must necessarily nearly always be in the affirmative. The overpopulated state of the world bore out this happy conclusion, so I decided to take things deeper by trying to find out why, when, where and how. I was particularly concerned with the last bit.

During the initial stages I was able to put on record such passionately felt answers like, "If you don't stop it, I'll tell my mother." However, by the time I had reached the "... I'll do it, you'll only tear them" stage I sensed I was getting down to the real gist of the matter in hand.

It was at this point that I almost lost sight of my objective. (I mean what I was trying to find out, not what I was trying to do. That I knew.) Hence scientific detection and deduction blissfully faded as I became more and more impressed with the actual mechanics concerned. I suppose my own motivational urges urged too urgently, or something obscure like that, but I do remember being remarkably busy.

As time passed, I slowly became more the master of the various and varied situations in which my research flung me. I also learned through sheer necessity (complete exhaustion almost made me a hospital case several times) that it was absolutely essential not to expend all my energies at one sitting (that's not quite the right word) but to conserve my strength remembering that there is a next day and a next day and so forth.

Incidentally, the years have brought me around to the conclusion that women, on the whole, just don't seem to care a damn for research. They are content to leave it all to you. Whether they are born with the answers or they couldn't care less, I really can't say. I think it is a bit of both.

This observation is the spirit in which the following experiences are described. I had hoped to startle the world with answers hitherto unheard, but, by Jove!, if you can find them you are a better man than I,

whether your name is Gungha Din or not.

At the outset I want to make it quite clear that naturally I have not known all the women of each nationality mentioned. I was compelled to confine my attentions to selected subjects from each country. Some were paid (these are unreliable for obvious reasons, but one must do the best one can). Others had to be persuaded (threatened suicide is a good one for this). Others volunteered (just keep plying drinks until they can't see you).

I commenced my inquiries with English speaking subjects—as being the more convenient. I soon learned that nationality has very little, if anything, to do with enthusiasm. Passion, I discovered, is a personal thing and can be neither reasoned with, nationalized, or instructed, since it has nothing to do with volition or example but is pure instinct. How personal passion is can best be illustrated by the odd behaviour of a girl who was, let's say, "normal" in every respect until made love to in the close proximity of a tree. Any old tree would do, and then, for reasons she herself does not understand, she went slowly berserk. We repeated this intriguing experiment on several occasions, with always the same amazing result.

Conversely, there was the buxom blonde I met who looked and talked like a man-eater, but who could be reduced to a whimpering wreck simply by whispering an obscene description of what was going on between us in her eager ear. I produced heroic results on her with hardly an effort using this method, and she followed me around for weeks like a slave, proclaiming my potency to all and sundry.

Then there was the tall brunette whose unabashed descriptions of her past and present exploits were those of a fevered nymphomaniac, and yet shuddered in disgust if I so much as said "breast."

I could fill a book with descriptions of this apparent perversity of women, but once it is understood that her individual passion is facultative, there is no real difference between Miss Smith and a Hottentot.

It was an English widow who gave be the most harrowing experience of my life... and she had a distinct moustache. I passed out, and returned to this world to find her still busy. And lest this gives the impression that I am easily defeated let me claim three strapping damsels from Dorset all sent on their way rejoicing in one short evening.

The traditional English girl, complete with hockey stick, bloomers, and a penchant for long talks with the local vicar, has probably never existed outside the imagination of novelists. If she does (and where

(*continued on page* 65)

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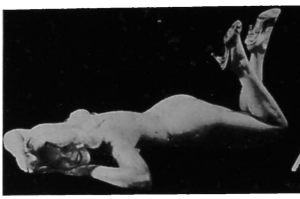

KICKING IT AROUND with Rod Reed

PRO-AM

"SEX is the great amateur art," says David Cort. "The professional, male or female, is frowned on; he or she misses the whole point and spoils the show."

"Wrong!" says a certain curly wolf of much experience. "The pro is always better than the amateur in everything!"

This looks like the makings of a Great Debate. Mr. Cort's line is from his book, "Social Astonishments." The wolf aforementioned has been too busy to write a book, but in his indignation he might now take time off to do so.

Books are dandy, of course, but the real way to settle this issue is with an Open Tournament such as they have in golf. Rules would have to be worked out, arrangements made for handling unruly spectators and decision arrived at as to whether to have TV coverage in living color or black and white. But those are mere details.

And just possibly these matches might prove, once and for all, which is better: the interlocking grip or the overlapping.

MAIL CALL

The post office zip code system certainly makes the bills get here faster. But it has had no appreciable effect on incoming checks.

KICKING IT AROUND

"Money Can Cause Happiness: Scientific Study Proves It."

That headline sums up the findings of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago in a pilot study called "in pursuit of happiness."

Brainy scientists interviewed hundreds of persons, studied the answers on many questionnaires, weighed the reports and came to the conclusion, "the more money people have, the happier they report they are."

They could have saved time and trouble simply by listening to Prof. Joe E. Lewis of Hard Knocks Academy, who said, many years ago, "I've been rich and I've been poor – and believe me, rich is better."

SAFETY FIRST

"You say that blonde was saved by a seat belt?"

"Yeh. When he tried to force her into the back seat, she belted him."

ZEZ FEZ SEZ

Best cure for bein' broke is to find a well-heeled woman that thinks she kin play poker . . . Barney, the school bus driver, hez resigned to take a lower-pay job runnin' a dynamite truck . . ."I thought it would be a good joke referrin' to the telephone operators as call girls," sed Marty Will whilst applyin' beefsteak to his left eye.

WILD LIFE

These two kids, aged about six and eight, live in a house at the edge of a small village. Just a chip and a putt from their home are fields and woods in which rabbits, woodchucks, squirrels, raccoons, deer and a great variety of other wild creatures abound.

One day recently they came running up their driveway to greet me as I stopped by for a visit. Eyes glowing, they exclaimed in unison, "We just saw a real, live turtle!"

Ah, I thought, how fortunate are these young nature-lovers not to be cooped up in a big city apartment.

"Where was this turtle?" I asked. "Down by the brook?"

"No," they said. "We saw it on TV."

SHORT PANTS

Marriage is one institution where they never shorten your sentence for good behavior.

* * *

Old Mae West jokes never die, they just get a new heroine.

* * *

It's not called a "lost weekend" anymore–it's a whiskey break.

SOCKO MOTTO

One thing I've learned
As I keep growing older –
You can't get a hit
With the bat on your shoulder.

QUAINT QUIPS

Fans of Monsieur Joe Miller – would you care to see a joke from the original "Joe Miller's Jests"? Here:

> A Country Farmer going crofs his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, fpy'd a young Fellow and a Lafs, very bufy near a five Bar Gate, in one of his Fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, faid the young Man no Harm, Farmer, we are only going to Prop-a-Gate.

The above is one of more than 200 gags originally published in 1739. A replica was recently brought out by Dover Publications.

It makes quaint reading and many of the stories are funnier and saucier than the sample.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Let's go, Mets!

LES GIRLS FROM TAHITI

(*continued from page 16*)

of those happy-go-lucky *vahines* proceeded in the shortest time possible to prove that "promiscuous" is a word that has been aptly applied to the island belles.

And, taking current survey of the bevy of shapely *vahines* from Tahiti decorating the Queen's Surf Beach, adjacent to Waikiki, or oscillating their hips in Honolulu night-clubs, or partying pandemoniously night and day, it is apparent that the male visitor to Tahiti isn't parting too easily from his island mistress. He either brings her back with him, or sends for her later, feeling that the more than $500 round-trip, tourist-class plane-ticket, and the $500 bond required by the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, justifies the biological urge.

A U.S. Immigration officer in Honolulu remarked testily:

"These Tahitian females are not being brought up here on any 'cultural exchange program.' It's an 'exchange' alright, as fast and furious as the Tahitian girl can change boy-friends. We stamp a lot of cases 'Special Investigation,' but what can you do about it, unless the *vahines* overstay their visit?"

The *tane-popaa* (white lover) has more sentimental notions about his Tahitian girl-friend than she actually does. She's fully aware of her frivolous nature, and as long as she has the global, popular name, she fully intends to have the pleasurable game. She flitters about promiscuously as fast as possible. Even in Tahiti, before her white boy-friend is airborne, she's found another tourist-lover.

The Tahitian *vahine* just doesn't subscribe to a movie-concocted brand of sentimental, faithful love. They refuse to be possessed or monopolized by one man, or to feel any pangs of conscience about their perpetual philanderings. They will stare at you uncomprehendingly if you speak of the heart as being the center of romantic love; to them the center of sensory perceptions, the brain, is their guide. Sexual fidelity

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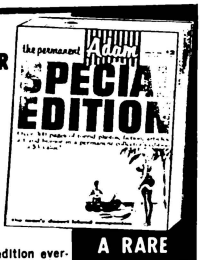

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they consider a mental aberration of foreigners, and any spiritual value on chastity idiotic.

And Mother Nature aids and abets the Tahitians' proclivity for unrestrained promiscuity. Nearly two hundred years ago, Captain James Cook expressed his awareness of nature's perfect balance in Tahiti for fostering candor in amorality: "The earth produced spontaneously, or with so little culture, that they seemed to be exempted from the first general curse that 'man should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow.' " And the Tahitians, living closer to nature than we, receive manifestations of sex with the same candid reception with which he witnesses the creation of life in his garden or in the sea.

A Tahitian mother or father never objects if his or her pretty daughter moves in with a *tane-popaa* down the beach. When she leaves her lover, or he departs, they welcome her happily back, and if she has a baby as a result of the casual relationship, so much the better. Tahiti's early royalty and nobility were all lighter-skinned than

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the commoners, this brought about by a secret bleaching process in the *tapu*-groves shaded by huge banyan trees, so a light-skinned infant is considered "touched by the divine grace." And there are no orphans in Tahiti, other than what the missionaries have wrongly come by. And by living with a *popaa*, it means that she can now and then slip her dear old pop a bottle or two of rum and tobacco, and her prideful mom some dress-goods and scent-water. So they consider it a sweet arrangement all the way around. The Tahitian *vahine*, in her island, has no worries about food and shelter, so, between white lovers, she, through traditional Polynesian hospitality, can always find a friend or relative to live with.

This tradition of hospitality the Tahitian *vahine* brings with her to America and Hawaii. If she walks out on her *tane*, or is given the boot because he refuses to support her rampant infidelity and promiscuity, some girl-friend, secure for the nonce with her current boy-friend, must take her in, until she finds another lover. And there's a waiting-list of panting males ready to take over a "divorced" Tahitian *vahine*, as they have read and heard so many titillating tidbits about these island females, they're eager to find out what makes them so irresistible. Therefore, the "exchange," that the Immigration officer mentioned, takes place.

One *vahine*-happy American brought his dancer girl-friend up from Papeete to Honolulu, left her there for a couple of weeks while he went back to San Francisco to scrounge a bit of cash for their Hawaiian tryst. When he came back he found that she had gone off on the back seat of a white motor-scooter driven by a young tow-headed Australian, who, incidentally, had left his wife for her.

Another hypnotized American visitor to Tahiti found a *vahine* of easy virtue to his liking and paid her $702 *first-class* plane-ticket to Honolulu. The second day that she was installed in his apartment, she ran three "divorced" *vahines* in on him. And that night he had to sleep on the hard floor, because Tahitian etiquette required that the host or hostess give up the beds to the "guests." He told her that his economics wouldn't support such a clearing-house for *vahines*-on-the-loose. Two of her girl-friends left, pouting and muttering sullenly about "inhospitality" the next day, the third the following afternoon. And she herself departed that evening saying that she had to rehearse with a Tahitian dance-troupe at a local night-club. She didn't put in an appearance until late afternoon of the following day. He already had her things packed and placed outside the door. She strolled off with swinging hips, all her worldly goods tied up in a *pareu* (sarong) bundle, humming a lively, naughty song. She'd already found another lover, a Honolulu realtor, whom she had previously met in his vacation-hut on Bora-Bora Island, near Tahiti.

"Why is it that every time we have a little argument, you have to go running home to my mother?"

Are there any instances of circumspect, normal white *tane*-brown *vahine* relationships that endure? I've never heard or known of one. Seemingly, a variety of lovers keeps the *vahines* contented, healthy and happy. They accept each lover with new interest and enthusiasm, as if he were their very first love. In this way they're always giving generously of their affections. One lover would bore them, a succession of lovers keeps the indulgence in romance fresh and spirited. So whose is the most satisfactory form of morality, theirs or ours?

What the future holds for the carefree Tahitian *vahines* is doubtful. With rampant tourism in Tahiti bringing in a steady flow of money which can only improve and change the economic structure, it might be that Tahiti's hedonistic style of living will be changed.

Nevertheless, the importation of Tahitian *vahines* to America and Hawaii has created some humorous situations, and some headaches for their white lovers, to say nothing of the mounting resentment and rage of cuckolded American wives and girl-friends. How it will all end is anyone's guess.

But a *tane-popaa* who has taken up with a Tahitian *vahine*, and then has been abandoned by her for another boy-friend, is perhaps only able to muster a sickly, sheepish grin.

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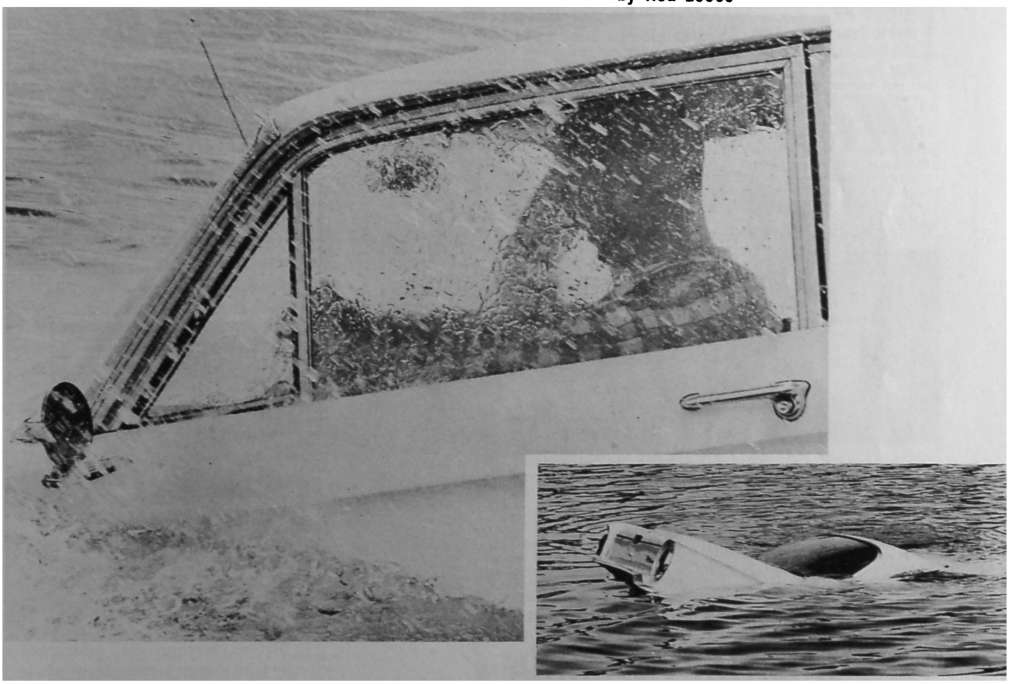

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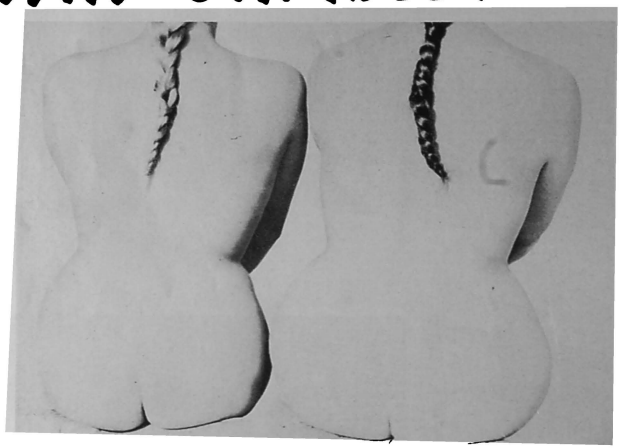

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Use of the air pocket does have its risks. The trapped air bubble may be pushed into the trunk if the car sinks front first. Or, if the car happens to sink bottom up—a possibility in deep water—the air pocket may escape and very little air will be left. Thus, safety specialists advise that escape through a window should be sought as soon as possible.

Before leaving the submerged car, take a deep breath, then exhale slowly in your ascent to the surface. Otherwise, the compressed air inhaled in the air pocket will expand internally as you rise, damaging the lungs and possibly causing paralysis or death.

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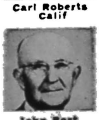

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MONSIEUR's Handy-Dandy Dictionary

(Definitions You Won't Find in Webster)

Naive: A father who thinks his daughter has been a good girl because she returns from a date with a Gideon Bible in her purse.

Niece: Joints of the leg.

Octopus: A cat with eight faces.

Optimist: A guy who can see the bright side of other people's troubles.

Pawn broker: A man who lives off the flat of the land.

Perpetual motion: A cow drinking a pail of milk.

Prism: A jail.

Private secretary: A girl who knows her dictation and can take it. A good one never misses a period.

Quickie: No sooner spread than done.

Scalpel: Top of the head.

Sex: Three times two.

Sex insomnia: A woman's disease —one who can't keep her thighs closed.

Shoulder strap: A piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from being a sensation.

Skeleton: A stack of bones with all the people scraped off.

Slogan: A beating with the fists such as "They stood slogan it out."

Sloop: The second course in a dinner.

Slung: Colloquial for goodbye.

Sofa: Couch as couch can.

Stethoscope: A spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

Sue: Place where wild animals are kept on display.

Sultan: A guy with an exaggerated idea of his own capacity.

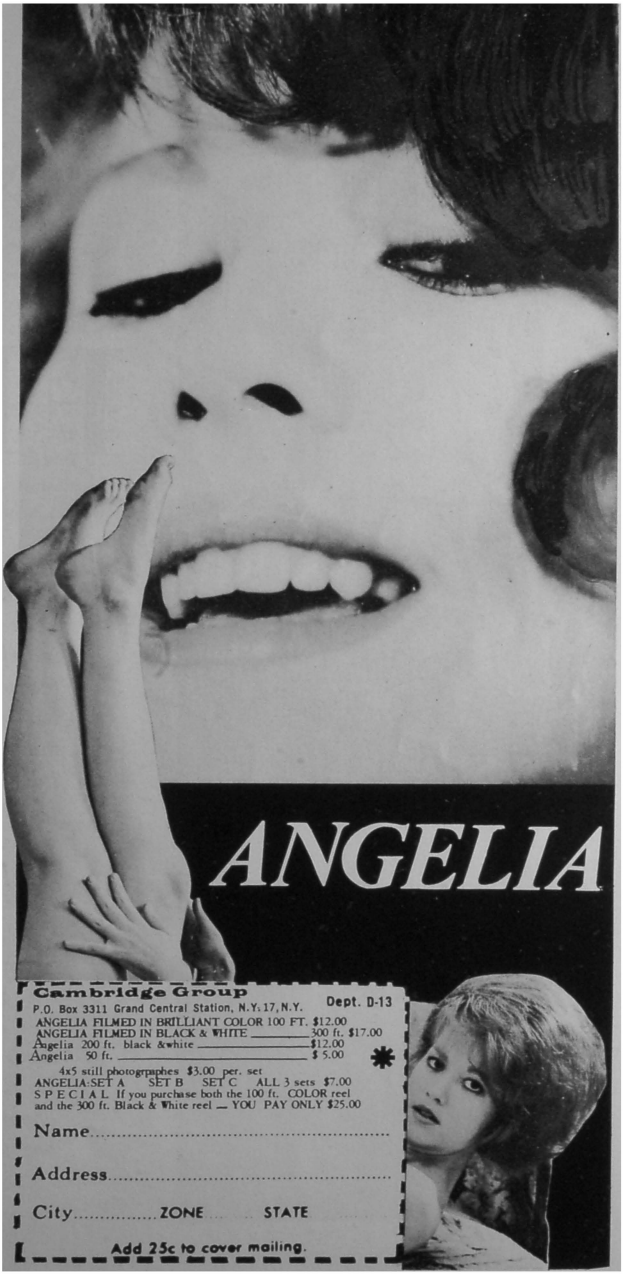
Surgeon: Rushing forward.

Swizzle: Type of chair.

Tangerine: A loose leaf orange.

Toll House Cookie: A cute prostitute.

Tonsil: Decoration used on a Christmas tree.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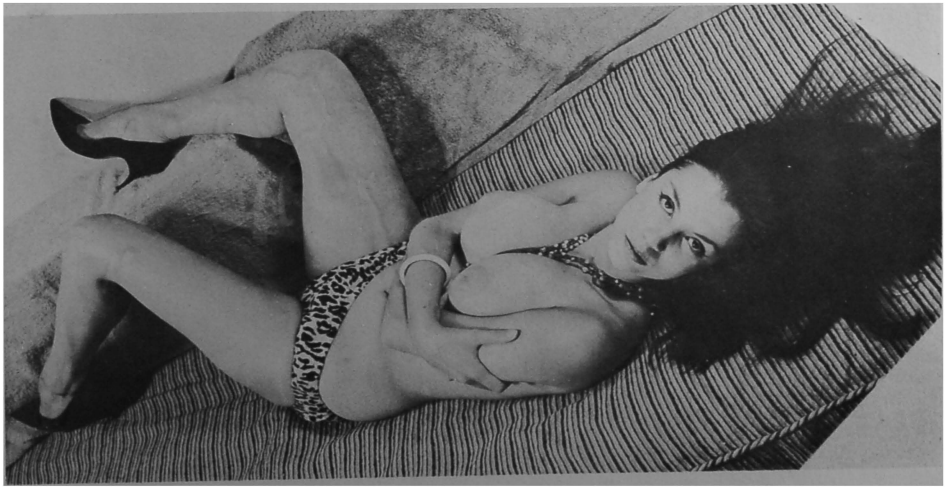
FERN

Of all the mademoiselles who have appeared in Monsieur *this one has the most unbelievable name, Fern Morse. She swears it's real but if it isn't, it's the only thing not real about her. A full-time airline hostess, she received her first offer to model while on a flight from New York to Lisbon. She's received a lot of other offers, too, but she just laughed them off. Modeling she decided to try on the side and you will agree on the side, from the front or from the rear she's just about perfect. Since flying is her first love and Fern has*

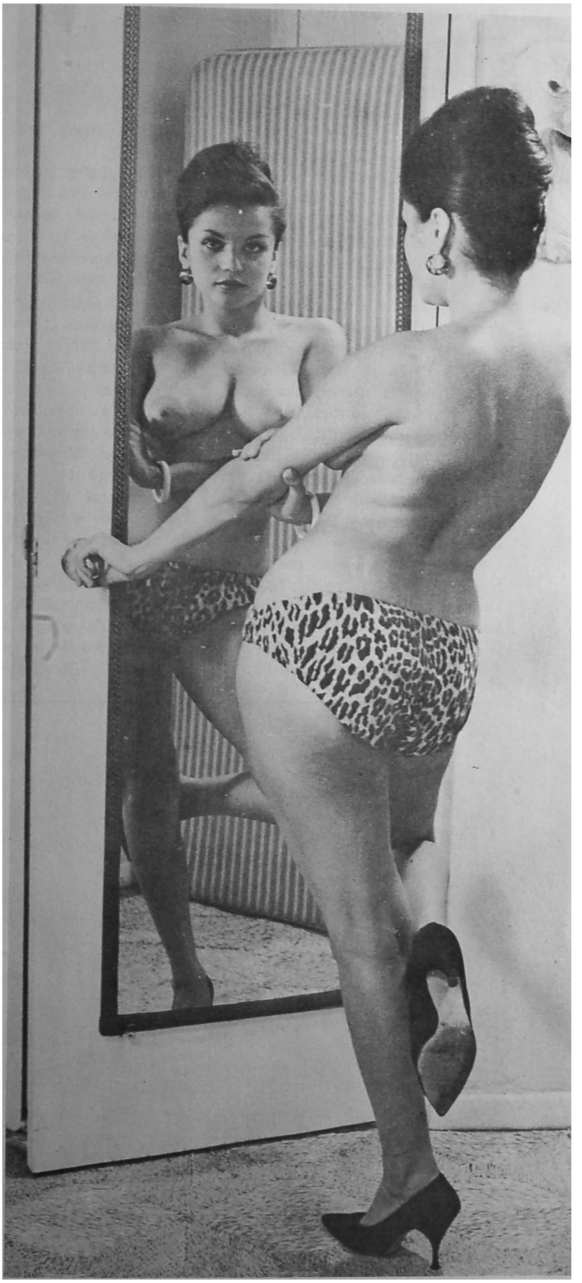
no intention of giving up her job, before posing for Monsieur, *she checked with her airline to see if they would have any objections. They gave her the go ahead as long as she promised not to name the company. If it was known, they rightly fear male passengers would refuse to make any flights she wasn't on. Fern loves everything about being an airline hostess except for the policy of showing movies during a flight. The Italians, she claims, may have the rep-*



utation for active hands, but the American males, in this respect, can and do hold more than their own. Walking down the dark aisle while a movie is being shown is her biggest flight hazard. Blue Cross unfortunately doesn't cover pinches. When she isn't up

in the air or down on earth dating, she keeps herself busy writing a novel about the first American female astronaut — which, she has confided, is her secret ambition. She'd also like to be the first woman to plant her country's flag on the moon.

She admits most of the fellows she reveals this to only laugh and tell her she's already out of this world, but Fern is serious about it all. She received her pilot's license a month ago and now would like to meet some nice young guy with his own plane who would like to go flying with her—that is up in the air. As for her writing, she admits the best thing she has written so far are letters home asking for some extra spending money.



IF YOU KNEW SUZIE

(*continued from page* 11)

"I can't find Suzie anywhere," Nancy told him.

"Who?" he asked.

"My cousin," Nancy replied, biting her thumb. "My aunt is taking Suzie and me. I couldn't have come to Europe if I didn't take care of Suzie." Nancy squirmed around in her chair for another look over the floor. "She's fifteen but she looks old for her age."

And indeed she did. Nancy was slim and wiry, almost skinny, with a horsey smile and stringy black hair; her cousin had blossomed early into soft curves, her smile was naive and exciting, and her hair was bright auburn.

"It's terrible being with Suzie," Nancy said. "She almost didn't get on the boat in New York and aunt Miriam blamed me. She said she's little and I should watch her, but I have to watch her all the time," Nancy complained pitifully, "or she'll get lost or hurt, and I don't know *what* it will be like in Europe. I want to go to art galleries and Suzie isn't interested in anything."

Nancy pouted and languished for a moment in wonderful commiseration. "Oh, she's probably up in First Class with aunt Miriam. Where are you going in Europe?"

"I'm on a tour," he said. "We're going to Paris first, then Germany . . ."

"We're going to stay in Paris," Nancy said. "If it only wasn't for Suzie I'd really be able to live like the French do. But I can't get rid of her anywhere, and with aunt Miriam and Suzie we'll be marked off as tourists right away and if there's one thing I don't want to be, especially in Paris," Nancy lamented, "it's a tourist like all these Americans who go to Europe and live like they did at home. No wonder we don't have any friends abroad. Oh, I hope aunt Miriam found a little hotel instead of a big one with bathrooms and everything." She frowned for a moment. "But what do you do with a fifteen-year old who can't take care of herself?"

Douglas asked Nancy to go up on deck with him and she agreed—for a little while—and he went down to his cabin, far below on D-deck, for a blanket while she waited at the bar. Nancy watched the Lounge empty, hoping to find Suzie in the crowd, but there was no Suzie. By the time he returned with the blanket the bar had closed and the waiters were pushing tables and chairs back together and running brooms across the littered dance floor.

Douglas led her up to the aft deck, back near the rail where the oher young dancers had gone. They were all huddled in their own blankets, like so many fallen cocoons and, except for the steady wash of the sea from the boat's propellers and an occasional giggle, it was quiet. Douglas picked his way across the deck until he found a vacant spot behind a deck chair near the lifeboat davits, put his arm around Nancy's shoulder, and squatted down like an Indian, pulling her with him. They dropped the blanket over their heads making a little tent and inside Douglas pawed for her face and finally found it.

"Douggie, kiss me," she whispered.

He did, quite a few times. The ship leaned to port in a swell, not much, but enough for an excuse to slide down horizontally. Nancy sighed twice, two long expiring sighs, and groped for his hair. It was getting warm inside the blanket.

"Kiss me again, Douggie," she said impassively. He did.

"I love you, Nancy," her companion breathed.

She answered in short, unintelligible pants.

"I said I loved you," he whispered to make sure she hadn't missed it. She hadn't. She wound her arms around his back and squeezed him until the ball-point pen in his shirt pocket hurt her. Douglas returned the gesture and let one of his hands slip down her side and under her breast.

"No, Douggie, don't," she panted, opening her mouth in a half-passionate kiss.

Douglas pretended not to hear. "Douggie, we can't," she whispered.

He kissed her with the most perfunctory kiss of the evening. "I love you," he mumbled again.

Without breaking the embrace

"Why do you think that native girl has a crush on me?"

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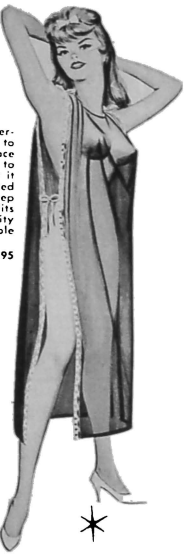

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she let her hand slide down to his and carefully removed it from her breast. It was getting too hot under the blanket to offer much resistance and both agreed the cocoon effect had worn off, So Douglas lurched about until they were lying sideways, as in a sleeping bag, with their heads popped out of the blanket. Once again the kissing began, first lightly on the brow, then on the cheek, and finally on the lips. It was a mechanical plan of attack that lasted almost five minutes.

"Oh, Nancy," he said, catching his breath.

"Oh, Douggie," she heaved.

Sensing it to be the right moment, he let his hand glide almost imperceptibly down her sweater to her breast again. As if it had been waiting for just that, her hand move to meet it.

"No, Douggie," she panted.

"But why?"

"I can't."

"Just a little."

"No, Douggie!" she said, jerking his hand away. "I said *no* and I meant *no!* Now stop it. Let's have fun, but not this kind!" She had hold of his hand and had pinned it behind his back. Somehow it broke all the illusions and Douglas relaxed.

"Aren't the stars beautiful?" he said trying to bridge the chasm between them.

"There aren't any stars," Nancy said looking up. "It's too foggy."

Douglas shrugged. "There are one or two."

"It's getting late," she said, squirming out of his embrace. "I think we'd better go back to our cabins."

"It's not even one yet," he said.

"Suzie and I have to get up early tomorrow," she replied, a little annoyed. "It's going to be a big day and we still have some packing."

"But you don't have to go to sleep now. It's the last night out."

"I'm sorry, Douglas," she said. "I need my sleep and besides, I've got to make sure Suzie's all right."

"Stay up a little while longer," he coaxed, trying to grab her, but she eluded his grasp and was out of their makeshift sleeping bag.

"I said I was going to my cabin! Now I don't want to *argue*. Will you take me down or do I have to go myself?"

It was all over. Even he acknowledged it. He did just as she asked and took her down to the main deck, down to the Tourist Class stairway, kissed her one last perfunctory kiss, and left.

She went below to B-deck and along the narrow companionway to her cabin feeling entirely satisfied. Although she was somewhat tired, she felt her evening had been a complete success. She stepped over the heavy sea door frames, grasping the brass rail in the corridor to steady herself against the ship's monotonous roll and, reading off the stateroom numbers on her right, found hers with no trouble. She pushed open the door and slid in. Nancy yawned. It was very dark inside; the porthole curtain was drawn. She felt her way close to Suzie's berth, trying not to stumble over the suitcases on the floor, to the wash basin, up over the chiffo-

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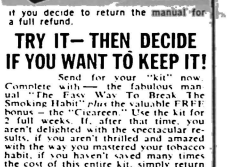

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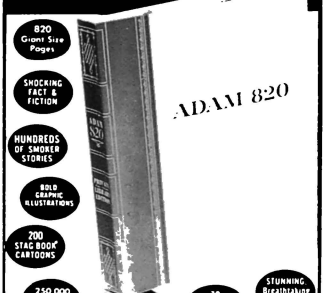

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nier, up to the light switch, and clicked it on. For a moment she looked longingly at her empty bed, then at Suzie's. And she snapped the light out in horror. Nancy was absolutely stunned! They were both asleep. They didn't even have the sheets pulled up! They were naked. Naked. Suzie, plump little Suzie, and some boy in bed. Seized with a growing panic, Nancy frantically felt her way back across the room, terrified that at any moment they might wake up. She eased open the door and darted out. She left it open a crack, listening for a moment, shocked. She heard the bunk groan as one of them rolled over and Suzie coughed in her sleep. Quickly, she clicked the door shut.

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until dawn. When she returned to her cabin Suzie was sleeping alone in bed, but her pajamas were still neatly folded on top of the chiffonier and the pillows were kicked in as though they had been fighting. Nancy's bed was still made. She examined the stateroom carefully, very quietly, opening the closet and peering around the chiffonier as though there might be someone hiding there. Satisfied there was not, she leaned intently over Suzie's bunk to make sure it was really her cousin and, certain they were alone, she wondered why she was so quiet and coughed once, loudly, in defiance.

Suzie stirred in bed.

"Aren't you going to get up?" Nancy asked flatly.

Pulling her knees up, Suzie rolled over on her side. Nancy moved about the cabin as noisily as she could, knocking into furniture. But Suzie only yawned and pulled the sheet tighter about her. "You'll have to get up *now*," Nancy barked. "The ship docks in forty-five minutes." There was no answer. Nancy pulled her sweater over her head and threw it down on her bunk. She fumbled with the buttons of her blouse and threw that off beside it. "Aunt Miriam wants to see us for breakfast," she told her cousin. But Suzie was asleep again.

Nancy looked in the mirror at her wiry torso and threw a glance at Suzie's plump inert outline in the sheet. "You've got to get out of bed!" she barked again, kicking off her loafers. But there was still no answer. Nancy wheeled around and grabbed at her cousin's foot. "Get up!" she yelled, pulling at the foot. Suzie let out a little shriek and half sat up, wound in the sheet. She looked at her cousin as if to say, I'm tired let me alone, and rolled back over on her stomach. Nancy reached into the bunk, grabbed her under the arms, and lifting her over the sideboard with one vicious effort, yanked her out and let her drop on the cabin floor, arms and legs askew. "Get up! Get up, damit!" Nancy screamed. "We're in France!"

SEX RESEARCH, INC.

(*continued from page 42*)

are there any traditional anythings left these days?) she expects and gives a cool respect that does not go well with unqualified sex enjoyment, and I have found her counterpart in many countries. I have heard it said that the English miss likes to talk while making love, this endearing trait being attributed to the taciturnity of English man. In general, talk is a natural prelude to love making – else it's rape – but if a girl were to insist on making conversation while I was trying to impress her with the need for concentration, then natural courtesy and consideration would indicate the purchase of a newspaper for her to read.

This insistence on nationality can spoil an otherwise pleasant interlude. The Irish, Scots and Welsh are often guilty of nationalistic remarks. No one wants to hear about the Mountains of Morne while you are trying to climb the damned things, nor to be compared with some brawny Highlander who can toss the cabor a damned sight farther than you, poor Sassenach that you are. The Welsh girls are quite forthright about any offer you might care to make. They will probably tell you that you are quite at liberty to try, but you'll hear further from them should you fail. But how sweet are their voices as they trill, "You've come home again to Wales" should you succeed!

The middle Europeans, who are probably no different to any other women "au fond," managed to make me feel that they regarded sex as something incidental to womanhood, and so displayed a carefully maintained self-disassociation. You know how it is when a doctor probes to find the exact seat of a pain? If, however, you can ignore a few wistful references to Rumanian nights spent in more exciting ways, and insist and persist, you'll be well rewarded.

The Latins are perhaps more volatile, vocal and vivacious, but that does not make them any better in bed. It is no doubt true that the French woman, for example, is more tolerant than most of sex, but tolerance alone will not trigger off passion. I happily admit to several scorch marks inflicted by several Parisiennes, but also can I well remember one Mam'selle crooning in my unwilling ear, "Paree, Ah 'ear yoo callin' " as she studiously measured the rhythm of my effort in strict two-four time to the accompaniment of a raucous gramaphone. Occasionally she nipped out of bed to wind the damned thing up, then off we'd go again. What with her, the gramaphone, and her little Pomeranian dog yapping blue murder in defense of his mistress the place sounded like an Army parade in full blast. I came away with a splitting headache, one split eardrum and a handful of ginger dog hairs.

The Italians disturbed my male ego in a different kind of way by insisting that I feed well – before and after. They did not say much but their manner left no doubt that they considered me pathetically in need of sustenance to withstand my ambition to repeat the Sack of Rome.

The Eastern woman belongs to another sex world entirely. For that reason they cannot be assessed from anything like a normal European standpoint. You will find virgins (if not in fact, then in virginal purity in the occidental sense) all mixed up with what we would call obscenities. For example, in some districts of India it is still an accepted custom for a mother, often watched or assisted by other women of the family, to studiously manipulate certain manly manifestations for their young sons. This is not done in terms of enjoyment but to encourage the visible fruits of manhood, in precisely the same spirit as a European mother might proudly say, "Willie put on his first long pair of pants today." Not so very long ago, and probably still so in the more remote areas, captured male prisoners were turned over to the eager women of a victorious tribe for public humiliation and sustained collective practice in exactly the same way. Results were greeted with cries of derision, and techniques compared, criticized and adjusted, very much like a cookery class.

This does not mean, however, that the Indian woman throws sex around indiscriminately, but indicates her totally different outlook. She is, in fact, far more discriminating than many of her occidental sisters, so that there is no question of how or where you stand with them. You will find most ignoring

(*continued on page 69*)

"It's like everything else, Cissy – you only learn by doing."

(*continued from page 30*)

book, a reprint of a best-seller about a man who deserted his family and was living rather unhappily with a prostitute. Mindy couldn't feel much sympathy for the man, his wife, or even for the prostitute.

When Laura returned, Mindy was rubbing lotion on her legs. She acted as if she didn't notice Laura's entourage; two young men who were carrying the food. Both were dark-haired, tan and brash-looking, and wore tight, jockey-style trunks. One of them had a tattoo on his arm.

"Look what I found," said Laura.

"They're darling," said Mindy.

"I found them in the refreshment stand," said Laura. "This is Mike," she said, pointing to the youth nearest her, "and the one with the anchor tattooed on his arm is Tony. They're very chivalrous. They insisted on carrying our hotdogs."

"Yeah," said Tony, "anything for a bikini."

"My," said Mindy, "isn't he clever."

"Oh, they come on strong," said Laura. "Mike works in a garage and he knows everything about pistons and transmissions. And Tony is a member of the United States Navy; he's a genuine sailor."

"Anchors aweigh," said Mindy, saluting.

The young men had grinned throughout the girls' byplay. "You should see me in my tight pants," said Tony. He looked down at the blanket and noticed Mindy's book. "Whatcha reading?"

"A book. But you wouldn't like it," Mindy said. "It doesn't have any pictures."

"Big deal," said Tony. "I read lotsa books. You ever read anything by Mickey Spillane?"

"All the time," said Mindy. "I'm just crazy about Mike Hammer."

"I read every one of the Mike Hammer books," Tony boasted. "He really makes it."

"You said it, baby," Mindy said, mimicking a tough-guy voice.

"Hey," said Tony, "which book did you like best?"

Mindy grinned at Laura. "The one where the killer is a beautiful blonde named Juno. And you can see that Mike Hammer is falling for her. Only in the end, he finds out that she's really a man – a homosexual who dresses like a woman. She's the killer, too. It tears poor old Mike apart."

"Yeah," Tony said, sitting down next to Mindy and handing her a hotdog. "I felt for him."

"Well," said Laura, "since you two intellectuals are hitting it off so well, I'll talk to Mike. He's just what the doctor ordered–the strong, silent type."

"He's certainly nothing like Howard," Mindy said.

"Who's Howard?" asked Mike.

"Her husband," said Mindy.

"Hey, Mike," Tony said happily. "These are married women."

"You like that, don't you?" asked Mindy.

"It don't bother me," said Tony.

"Actually," said Laura. "I'm the only one who's married. Mindy's divorced."

Mike was still turning over the fact of Laura's marital status. "If he's your husband, how come he ain't here?"

"He's at Harvard learning to be a doctor. My husband, the doctor who recites poetry. And even if he wasn't, he wouldn't be here. He

"Moo!"

hates the sun."

"Not me," said Mike. "I could stay in it all day. I never burn. Look, I get tan right away." He flexed his body as he spoke, showing off the newly-bronzed skin stretched around his biceps and across his hard chest.

"Marvelous," Laura said. "You can tell me all about it."

The foursome sat on the blanket, listening to the radio and talking easily as the girls finished their beer and franks. When Laura reached the bottom of the beer cup —a large container that looked as if it were designed for milkshakes rather than for the crisp refresher —she purposely spilled the last drop on Mike's chest.

Mike grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward him. "Okay, lick it off," he said.

"Umm," said Laura, "you strong, silent types." And then, suddenly, with a great deal of laughter, they were wrestling on the blanket.

"Cut it out," said Mindy. "You're getting sand all over."

"Hey," said Tony, "let's throw 'em inna water." He grabbed Mindy, held her arms as she tried to slap him, lifted her in a bear hug, his face pressed against her nylon-covered breasts, and ran toward the surf. Behind him, Mike carried a laughing Laura cradled against his biceps.

"No," Mindy screamed as the waves galloped toward her. "No. I give up, I give up."

"Say you're gonna be good," commanded Tony.

"I'll be good, I'll be good. Put me down, will you?"

"Say please."

"Please."

"Pretty please. Pretty please with sugar on it."

"Okay," said Tony. He and Mike dropped the girls to the wet sand just short of the tendrils of surf. All four of them stood there for a moment catching their breath.

"Aren't you a couple of strong men," Mindy said.

"Watch out," said Tony, "or I'll do it again."

"No, no," Laura said, laughing. "I apologize."

"I know what," Tony said, "let's go for a ride."

"Where to?" asked Laura.

"C'mon," said Tony. "Come off it. You know what I mean."

"Yeah," said Mindy mimicking, "you know what he means."

Laura turned to Mike. "Hey, Mike," she said, "do you think I'm beautiful?"

The answer came quickly and with conviction. "Like a movie star."

"But do I have any poetry?"

"Huh?"

"Do I have any poetry. You know, am I a vacuum, or am I like a red, red rose?"

"Who the hell cares," said Mike. He reflected and added with obvious sincerity, "you got some set of knockers though."

"Yeah," said Tony, "and that ain't all."

Mindy shivered. "Hey, boy," she said, "you're with me, remember."

"I ain't forgot," Tony said. He grabbed her and they stood kissing,

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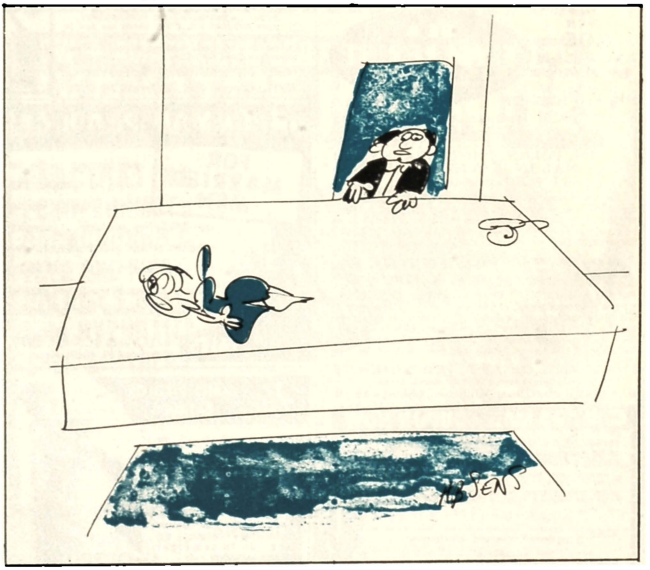

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their feet pressing into the wet sand.

Laura looked at Mike, her face reddened by the sun and something else, unsmiling and defiant. "Well," she asked, "are we going to hang around here, or are we going for that ride?"

"What kinda car you girls got?" said Mike.

Mindy answered. "A Lincoln convertible."

"Okay," said Tony, "you talked us into it. We'll use your car."

****

About three hours later, the girls returned the boys to their own auto, a four-year-old Chevrolet, in the parking field. As Tony braked the Lincoln, Mindy felt his hand on her thigh.

"Don't sailors ever get tired?" she said.

"Look," said Tony, "maybe I'll writecha a letter."

"Sure," said Mindy, "just address it to me care of Jones Beach."

Tony shrugged as he got out of the car. "Okay, mother," he said, "have it your way."

Mike was saying goodby to Laura. He started to say something and then stopped. "Ahhh," he finally said angrily, "what the hell is a broad like you doing married to some crud?"

"Thanks, honey," Laura said, trying to grin, and then the attempt fell short and she stared hauntedly at Mike, almost with fright. "Oh God!" she said, her voice suddenly hoarse.

"Hey," said Mike, "are you crying?"

"Please," Laura said to Mindy. "Let's get out of here."

Laura cried quietly until they were on the Grand Central Parkway going into Queens. Then she started laughing, almost hysterically.

"What's so funny?" Mindy asked.

"My love," recited Laura, "is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June. My love is like a melody that's sweetly played in tune."

Mindy felt her eyes starting to water. Then she said it, too. "Oh God!"

(*continued from page 65*)

you, and you will be very wise to follow suit, for there are no flirts, in our sense. An Indian woman will only flirt when she means she is to fall flat on her back at the first opportune moment. This is her way of letting you know she is in business. To an occidental used to being made to sing for his supper, and very often having to starve no matter how well trained his voice, this can be a little disconcerting, but you get used to it after a time. These are the "Randhibadghi," the "hot" or "willing" ones, and the ones I got used to afforded me every possible shade of experience.

Female garbage cans abound in every country and in every walk of life, so let us consider the "Wows," the experts. They will teach you the true meaning of quivering muscle, all the way from vibrating fingertips to dancing toes. What the West superciliously designates as "aesthophysiology" they demonstrate with quiet pride in full glorious technicolor. The fact is that these experts are carefully trained from early childhood and can become as dedicated as any ballet dancer. These girls know they will be judged for aptitude and skill alone and if you ever meet one she'll take just a sidelong look with those deceptively gentle eyes of hers and have you classified, coded and indexed while you are trying to work out your best approach. She'll langourously lead you to the Shalimah and as she moves, little metal anklets and bracelets chiming for you both, she will envisage a syllabus she considers, and knows, to be suitably arranged to release, increase and husband potentialities you thought were possessed only by stallions. She gently adheres to it no matter what. She vibrates and seethes, and you are wondering if you are being entertained by one small slender female or the whole of the Indian nation. Finally you reach a point where it doesn't matter anyway. Let 'em kill you if they like. Then respectfully she'll salaam

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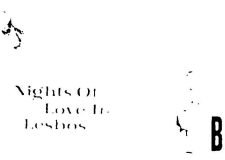

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and patiently wait for you to gather your bewildered wits just in case you can stand a little more convincing.

The Burmese, although full of Eastern knowledge and know-how, resort to tricks rather than masterful techniques. An Indian once pointed out to me that his women when they dance keep both feet firmly on the ground. "They are, sahib," he explained, "of the earth, but these Burmese girls are like a butterfly. They dance as though they mean to fly away." That puts it in a nutshell. I did spend some blissful hours with a dancer from the Sulé Pagoda in Mingaladon, near Rangoon. She was cultured and spoke perfect English. For reasons known only to herself she lingered lovingly. Generally, however, they have dozens of tricks, each fiendishly efficient in bringing matters to a swift and unanticipated climax. Then it's an absent-minded farewell and "next please?"

The Japanese ladies I met in Rangoon were to some extent similar to the Burmese. The tricks were more subtle, more varied, and performed with ceremonious charm and concern but the end results were just as precipitous.

All things being equal, the nationally frigid or passionate woman does not exist, and it is an unfair and biased assertion. Preconceived ideas are bound to lead to extremes of disappointment or delight, depending on what your own ideas were or are, and whether or not your partner of the moment exceeds or fails to measure up to them.

For my own part, it is obvious that any successful form of classification, if it could be applied which, thank Venus it can't, would turn what is now the most delightful gamble in the world every time, and I repeat every time, into a uniform level of scientific predictability. There's too much regimentation as it is without classifying the only free enterprise left.

Personally I don't want to be told. I don't even want to know while it's so much better trying to find out. See you at the research stations.

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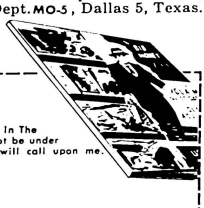

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TOM TYRONE, who plays the title role in "The Cardinal," was overheard saying on the set of the picture to the international beauty, Romy Schneider, "When looking at you, it's beastly to be priestly."

When asked if she thought Italian men were losing their virility, actress *Paola Bordini* of the Italian stage commented: "It's the women who are losing their femininity. Personally, I have been loved enough."

TV actress *Betty Lou Macready* was overheard telling a producer, "I hate to repeat gossip, but what else can you do with it?"

Tab Hunter tells friends: "I became a man when I was 15."

Comedienne *Kay Stevens* describes Las Vegas as "Disneyland for adults."

In one of the last interviews he gave, the late *Dick Powell* said, "Not one of the girls who is a star in this business is happy."

According to *Jackie Gleason*, "Worry makes you lose weight unless it's your weight you're worrying about."

Dress designer Madame *Elsie Schiaparelli* must have come face to face with a moment of truth when she exclaimed, "People look like hell."

It was *Milton Berle* who remarked, "A woman reveals her true character when she is loaded."

When one of his friends remarked that our bodies are 92% water, columnist *Walter Winchell* replied: "Yes, but what some women can do with that eight per cent is amazing!"

Sonny Liston is supposed to have left London angrily because a boxing official sent "two broads" up to his hotel room, but Sonny claims: "No, I might have resented it if he didn't send up two."

When asked if promiscuity doesn't make the sex act as trivial as the good-night kiss, actress *Joan Collins* replied: "You just don't do it because you feel like it one night, although, if you do, it's not the end of the world."

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LETTERS
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Go, Man, Go!

I know it was fiction, but can you check and let me know if the girl in *All Those Damn Green Lights* was for real? Except for the ending, I knew a girl just like her.

Walter Tyson
Montgomery, Alabama

We checked, Walt. The girl was completely fictitious. Only the ending was real.

Rush Job

Stoned Like a Statue was hilarious. I rushed right out and bought a copy of the book.

Stanley Lupel
St. Louis, Missouri

We rushed out and got stoned.

Calling Dr. Quackenbush

Your article on MD's, *You'll Just Have To Live With It*, was painfully funny. Last summer I broke my ankle and since they removed the cast, every time I move my foot there's a loud click that sounds as if I have a built in set of castanets. When I mentioned this to my doctor he said, "You'll just have to live with it."

Horace Lempke
Las Vegas, Nevada

A good doc would have at least arranged an audition for you with Jose Greco's Flamenco Dancers.

Don't Shoot Ze Poule

Now you publish *Are French Girls Really Sexier?* Why didn't you print it six months ago? It would have saved me a small fortune which I blew on a trip to France only to discover what your writer wrote—that French women are no different from women in any other part of the world. I went there hopefully expecting to be attacked everywhere I went, but the only ones who approached me were the poules.

Jim Standish
Boston, Mass.

The trip wasn't wasted, Jim. Six months ago we bet you never knew that "poule" is the French word for prostitute.

Travel Tips

After reading Willard Manus's *Amsterdam: City of Night People*, I have become convinced that any place can be exciting as long as you weren't born and raised there. Until a year ago, I called Amsterdam my home, but I had hardly seen or enjoyed any of the spots Manus described. On the other hand, since settling down in Chicago, I have been to parties and places that half the natives here never heard of. When I return home this summer for a visit, I am going to use Manus's article as a guide.

Peter Holbein
Chicago, Illinois

We showed your letter to Willard Manus. He says if you will provide the fare, you can use him as a guide.

Encore

Your article on millionaires and their wives and mistresses was very good and informative. Now how about a sequel on "Paupers: Their Wives and Women"?

Jack Herbert
New York City

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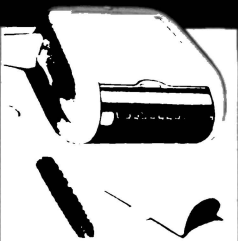

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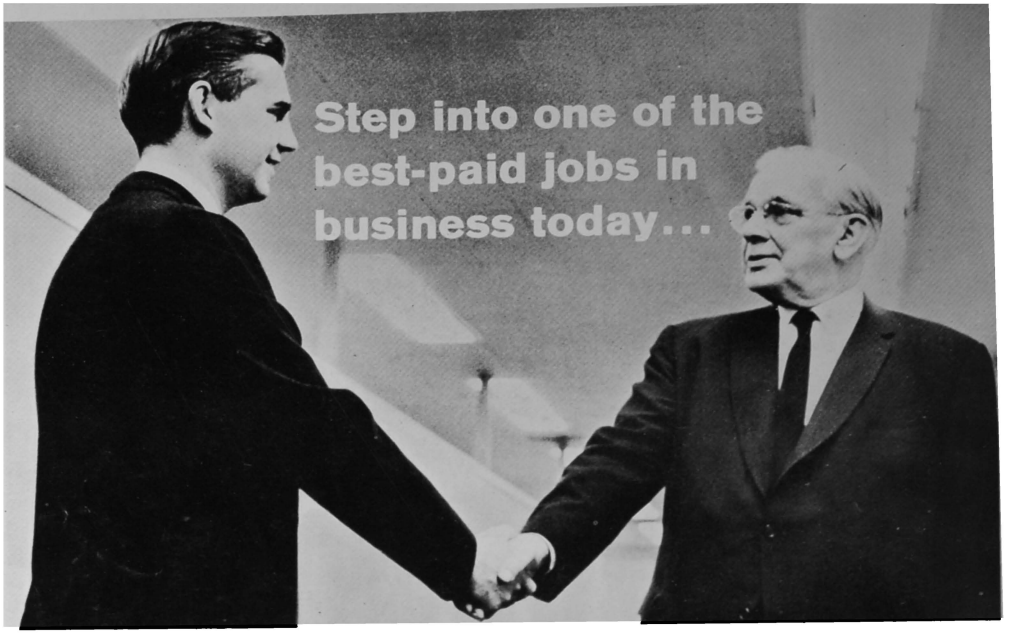

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